

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 827

OCT. 3, 1885

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 827.—VOL. XXXII.  
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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1885

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



1. Lowering the Foundation-Stone into Position.

2. The Church as it will be when Finished.

3. The Procession.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN DENMARK—LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT COPENHAGEN

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



## Topics of the Week

**RADICALS AND CONSERVATIVES.**—We are now fairly in the midst of what is called the electoral campaign. Meetings have been addressed by most of the leaders on both sides, and next week Lord Salisbury is to deliver a speech at Newport, in which he will no doubt offer a full exposition of the present intentions of his party. He will soon be followed by Mr. Gladstone, who has so far recovered the use of his voice that his physician thinks he may now speak in public without danger. Perhaps the most striking fact in connection with the "campaign" is that we have hitherto heard very little of the Moderate Liberal. There may be a good many Moderate Liberal candidates; but, if so, they have certainly not succeeded in attracting much attention. The Liberals whose speeches are reported, and whose opinions are most eagerly discussed, are for the most part men of Mr. Chamberlain's way of thinking; and it is noteworthy that they express their ideas with a freedom and boldness which have never been surpassed in any period of our history. Radicalism may be wise or unwise; but, at any rate, no one can complain that there is any doubt as to its objects, or as to the means by which its upholders propose to obtain what they want. There is not a corresponding definiteness in the speeches of Tory candidates. The Conservatives are resolved to maintain the Established Church and the House of Lords; but, when we have said that, we have said nearly all that is yet known about their domestic policy. None of them have distinctly explained how far they are prepared to go in the reorganisation of our system of local government, nor have they given any clear indication of the proposals by which they hope to encourage the growth of a class of peasant proprietors. There is much doubt as to the course they really desire to adopt in Ireland, and at the present moment it is impossible to say whether, as a party, they are most favourable to Protection or to Free Trade. The vagueness of the Conservatives will not, perhaps, alienate any of the voters by whom they have hitherto been supported; but they can hardly expect to make converts among the working classes unless they learn to be a good deal more frank and precise in the expression of their opinions.

**IRISH AFFAIRS.**—Everybody must admit that the south and west of Ireland are just now in a very unsatisfactory condition. Murders and murderous outrages are not so rife as they were during the terrorism which existed between 1880 and 1882, though there is no saying what the long dark winter nights may not bring forth in this respect. Those methods of tyranny have, however, been replaced by boycotting, that fiendish invention which, if scientifically and systematically applied, tends even more to disorganise society than a series of isolated murders. Although the professed aim of the agitators who direct this Vehmgericht is to plunder the landlords of the modicum of rent which Mr. Gladstone's Land Act has left to them, the farmers are, as far as downright personal misery goes, the greatest sufferers. For they are tied down to their holdings, they cannot nurse their grievances away from Ireland, as the wealthier landlords can, and so a man may find that having quite unintentionally offended the Central Jacobin Club, or one of its local affiliations, he is denounced, he becomes a moral leper, and that, unless he makes an abject submission, ruin stares him in the face. We should like to know what the Government are doing to stop the spread of this social plague. By their resolution not to renew the Crimes' Act they have incurred a heavy responsibility. If, as some allege, the ordinary law is sufficient to check boycotting, the law ought to be put in force; if it is not sufficient, exceptional action ought to be taken, without waiting for the assemblage of Parliament. Will the Government dare to do this? We doubt it, unless the scandal becomes so monstrous that the whole of Great Britain is stirred by it. The truth is that they are hampered by partisan exigencies. They want to do as little as possible to offend the Irish Nationalists until the elections are over. It is no wonder that, since the two great English parties are thus desperately fighting for place and power, instead of attending to the permanent interests of the Empire, Mr. Parnell should be virtually King of Ireland.

**THE "STILL VENT" SOUDAN.**—Although the British soldier has withdrawn, nothing loth, from the Soudan, there is plenty of lively work going on in the country for whose sake Gordon died. Some thousands of light-hearted dervishes, dainty gentlemen who consider murder a fine art, have established themselves at Dongola. They do not appear, however, to have made themselves so popular as our troops did; perhaps these free and independent sons of the desert entertain a rooted objection to paying for what they consume. At all events, the Kabbabish tribe—who also have a fine natural taste for homicide—have surrounded Dongola, and negotiations are going on between them and the dervishes with a view to an amicable arrangement. This will probably take the form of a treacherous massacre of the one lot by the other, that being the almost invariable ending of Arab *pourparlers*. It would not be much loss to humanity if both parties departed for the happy hunting grounds. From Kassala comes the news that the garrison are still holding out manfully, while Ras Allula, the Abyssinian Generalissimo, is

said to be hurrying forward at express speed to relieve the place. Before he gets there, however, he will have to measure weapons with the Hadendawas, who have thrown themselves across the road, and vow that they will slay the dogs of Christians to a man. It will be a pretty fight when it comes off, both sides being fond of the pastime, and old enemies to boot. The mysterious Osman Digma, after being reported dead half-a-dozen times, is credited with having rallied the Hadendawas to this enterprise, while at the same time collecting a large force to attack Suakim. Finally, we get a brave message from the Egyptian Governor of Sennaar promising to wrench Khartoum from the rebels provided the English continue to hold Dongola. Putting these various fragments of information together, they show that even the most pugnacious Irishman would run little risk of growing "blue mouldy for want of a bating," if he were travelling just now in the Soudan.

**THE BULGARIAN REVOLUTION.**—It seems probable that the Ambassadors at Constantinople will not have much difficulty in settling most of the questions which have been raised by the revolution in Eastern Roumelia. All the world is of opinion that the union which has been effected cannot now be undone, and that the restoration of the old state of things would be inexpedient, even if it were possible. It is understood that Russia still holds that Prince Alexander ought to be deposed, but in this view she is not likely to be supported by any of the Great Powers. His deposition would inevitably lead to the appointment of a ruler who would be more subservient to the Czar; and that would be a misfortune both for Bulgaria and for Europe. The only elements of the problem that may be of immediate danger are those which spring from the claims of Serbia and Greece. Both of these little States have been violently excited by Prince Alexander's success, and insist that they have a right to compensation for his increase of power. If either of them took the law into its own hands, the consequences would be terrible, for nothing could then prevent the re-opening of the Eastern Question in all its aspects. This is desired by none of the Powers, so there is ground for hoping that both Serbia and Greece may be compelled for the present to curb their ambition. It has been suggested that a strip of Bulgarian territory might be conceded to Serbia; and should this proposal be accepted, the Servians will have no reason to complain that they have been unhandsomely treated. Unhappily, the Eastern Question will remain when all these matters have been disposed of, for there is not the slightest chance that even now the Porte will begin to think seriously of yielding to the just demands of its subjects in Albania, Macedonia, and Armenia.

**SMALL-POX AND VACCINATION.**—The recent discussion on this subject at the Sanitary Congress has had a lurid light shed upon it by the condition of affairs at Montreal. What has happened there may well shake the confidence of the Leicester anti-vaccinationists, who maintain that cleanliness of person and household, accompanied by immediate isolation of any case of infection, afford a sufficient safeguard against the ravages of small-pox. These precautions are in themselves excellent, but are they enough? It is a common argument of the anti-vaccinationists that the diminished mortality from small-pox in modern times is due, not to Jenner's discovery, but to the fact that the virus of the malady (as is the case with certain other epidemic diseases) has become enfeebled. The appalling experiences of Montreal do not uphold this comfortable theory. There the pestilence is raging with the virulence which it was wont to display in the seventeenth century, before either inoculation or vaccination had been discovered. The nationality of the victims at Montreal is very significant. Six hundred and forty-one French Canadians and fifty-four other Roman Catholics (presumably Irish) had succumbed up to Tuesday last, whereas only thirty-five Protestants had died. The evident reason for this disparity is that the Protestants of Montreal, like Protestants in most places, except perhaps Leicester, were protected by vaccination, whereas the French Canadians have a rooted objection to the practice. The terrible ordeal they are now undergoing, aided by the Pope's dictum in favour of vaccination, may, it is to be hoped, induce them to modify their opinions.

**SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S VARIATIONS.**—Lord Idlesleigh lately compared Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain to the old moon sleeping in the lap of the new. If that be the case, Sir William Harcourt must be a worshipper of the new moon, and not of the rising sun. A morning paper used the latter comparison when commenting on his speech at Blandford. It is not of much importance which metaphor is used; the ugly portent to those who dislike the sound of "Chamberlain Prime Minister of England," is that such a sagacious observer of political winds and tides as "Historicus" should trim his sails to catch the invigorating breezes from Birmingham. It was not always so; indeed, people with even short memories can recall the time when Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain were as antipathetic as vinegar and oil. That, however, counts for little or nothing in political life nowadays. The ex-Home Secretary affords in himself a standing proof that when once a clever man, not devoid of concern for his own interests, plunges into the "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble" of party strife, his political affections are wont

to pass through astonishing variations. In the years immediately preceding the General Election of 1874, he placed his loving heart in the care of Mr. Gladstone. No sooner, however, did the great Liberal *débâcle* take place than the gossips of Pall Mall chuckled over the supposed prostration of Sir William Harcourt at the feet of Mr. Disraeli. That charmer proving obdurate, he paid court, as in duty bound, to Lord Hartington, the stop-gap Liberal leader in the Lower House. Nor did he discover that his affections had really remained all those years in the keeping of his first love, until Mr. Gladstone accepted the task of forming a Government in 1880. It is an interesting, nay a touching, fragment of a nineteenth-century biography, fully warranting the assumption that if Sir William Harcourt now feels attracted to the siren of Birmingham, it is mainly with a view to his own prospective advantage.

**PAPAL MEDIATION.**—Prince Bismarck has done many surprising things in his day, and he has just proved that he has not exhausted his power of astonishing the world. For many years he has been the most resolute enemy of the Papacy; yet he has succeeded in inducing Spain to submit the dispute about the Caroline Islands to the decision of the Pope. Whatever the Papal judgment may be, the Chancellor will profit by what he has now done; for the German Catholics will always be pleased by the respect he has unexpectedly shown for the Holy See, and that, we may be sure, he considers a much more important object than the possession of a group of islands of which most Germans probably never heard until the present quarrel broke out. It is not quite so easy to understand why Pope Leo should have been eager to accept the honour thrust upon him. If he decides against Germany, no great harm will be done; but, should his decision go the other way, he will give bitter offence to Spain. Indeed, many Spaniards already protest that the Pope's judgment should be regarded as final only if it accords with their wishes. Fortunately, the authorities at the Vatican are not likely to be in a hurry about the accomplishment of their task. The Spanish people will therefore have time to recover their self-possession, and it is even possible that his Holiness may be able to persuade the two Powers to arrive at an understanding without waiting for the result of his deliberations. That would be by far the most satisfactory method of settlement.

**SIXPENNY TELEGRAMS.**—Before these lines appear in print the sixpenny telegram will be in active operation. Whether it will prove a financial success remains to be seen. We incline to believe that a fixed moderate charge for addresses would be more profitable for the revenue and more convenient for the public and the Post Office officials, but there can be little doubt that the reduced rate will give a great impetus to the use of the electric wire. People are so much more ready to spend sixpence than a shilling, that a telegram will often now besent where formerly a letter or postcard would have been thought speedy enough. It will be remembered that when the question was discussed in Parliament, the battle raged chiefly round the question of "free addresses," and that it was decided that addresses at the reduced charge of sixpence should not be allowed the privilege of gratis transmission. It may be presumed that the persons who hitherto have been the best customers to the Telegraph Department—the commercial and professional men, and above all the Turf and Stock Exchange speculators—will find little difficulty or inconvenience under the new system. They will soon contrive to simplify addresses. But the outer public—especially the wage-earning classes—will not find this so easy. It is notorious that the poorer a man is the longer usually is his address, and if such addresses, for economy's sake, are unduly curtailed, much worry and delay will be caused to telegraph-messengers. As regards the message itself the new system will induce a wholesome brevity. Formerly, many worthy folks were in the habit of wiring twenty words where ten would have sufficed, on the excellent principle of getting as much as possible for their money. They won't do so now. Anyhow, we hope the revenue will not suffer. It will be hard on the public if they have to pay extra taxes for a change which will chiefly conduce to the benefit of the gambling fraternity, who are the main supporters of the "wire."

**DRINKING CLUBS.**—Were not the teetotal folks entirely illogical in all their ways, they would start a vigorous crusade against the sham "workmen's clubs." These pestilential places do infinitely more harm than poor persecuted Bung. He is, at all events, subject to stringent regulations, and under close surveillance by the police, but the drinking dens in question are free from these embarrassments. They can, and often do, keep open all night, and when public-houses are shut on Sunday, these liquor shops drive a roaring business. Only occasionally are they caught in the meshes of the law, and then through the recklessness begotten of uninterrupted good fortune. So long as stimulants are only sold to members and members' friends—the privilege of membership can be bought for a shilling or two a year—the law cannot touch them any more than the most aristocratic institutions in Clubland. There is, however, a vast difference between the two cases. At genuine clubs, any member who habitually became intoxicated, or otherwise misconducted himself, would receive a gentle hint to save the committee



he trouble of taking his name off the books by doing so himself. But, at the sham clubs, no effort appears to be made to preserve even the outward semblance of decorum. In a case heard at the Hammersmith Police Court this week, it was proved that a regular free fight had taken place among some of the members, who then adjourned to the street, and there finished the merry business. The policeman who took three of them into custody deposed that the place was a drinking den, and nothing else, in spite of its grand title, and the magistrate showed his opinion of its members' respectability by sending two of them to prison for a month and one for seven days. Had they only, however, finished their encounter inside the premises, the police could not have interfered, having no right of entrance. Here, then, is a splendid field for Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in which he might make sure of having the whole weight of public opinion on his side.

MR. JOHN MORLEY.—It cannot be said that Mr. John Morley has hitherto produced a very strong impression in Parliament, but in the country he has rapidly risen to the position of a recognised leader of the Radical party. Next to Mr. Chamberlain, he is perhaps the most popular of our advanced politicians; and it is generally assumed that he will by-and-by be a prominent member of the Liberal Cabinet. His success is due in part, no doubt, to the fact that he was an eminent man of letters long before he was known as a party politician. As a rule, men of letters do not care to commit themselves very decidedly to any one party in the State. Carlyle impartially denounced all parties, and neither the Radicals nor the Conservatives can rank Mr. Ruskin or Mr. Froude among their supporters. Mr. Matthew Arnold expresses general sympathy with the Liberals, but he never misses an opportunity of lecturing them on what he conceives to be the imperfections of their method. Lord Tennyson seems to take little interest in party politics; and as for Mr. Browning, few of his admirers know whether he has ever thought it worth while to form an opinion about the political questions of the day. The tendency of men of letters to hold aloof from Parliamentary struggles makes an important writer who comes forward as a partisan all the more welcome to those to whom he offers his aid. This was shown very clearly when John Stuart Mill entered Parliament; and it has been shown not less clearly by the reception accorded to Mr. Morley. It must be added, however, that Mr. Morley, like John Stuart Mill, has given proof of a remarkable capacity for the discussion of political subjects. He presents Liberal ideas with striking force and clearness, and those who hear him always come away with the impression that, whether he has been quite fair to his opponents or not, he has at least been thoroughly in earnest. He has also the great merit of being able to coin telling phrases—a power which seemed to have vanished from the political world for some time after Lord Beaconsfield's death.

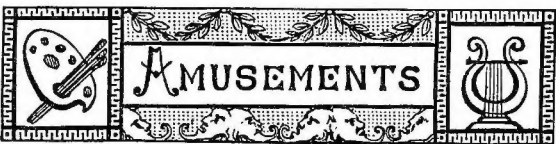
MODERN GHOSTS.—While the Psychical Society have been investigating, at considerable trouble and expense, alleged spiritualistic experiences, and have even gone to the extent of hiring haunted houses, so as to make sure whether there was anything on the premises in question really out of the common—while all this has been going on, a whole syndicate of ghosts has appeared at Derby, frightening women and children, and causing general discomfort to the people of the city where the Midland Railway Company has its headquarters. Our chief object here is not to discuss the nature of this visitation from the invisible world, but to point out that the modern ghost is a more aggressive and objectionable being than were his predecessors. Formerly, when alleged ghosts went about terrifying the population, people went out against them armed with clubs and guns. In this connection a tragical occurrence is recorded. In 1804 Hammersmith was worried by a persistent ghost. A man went out, professedly to shoot the ghost, but unfortunately shot a bricklayer, who being dressed in white, the ordinary habiliments of his handicraft, was mistaken by him for the spectre. The homicide was tried for murder and sentenced to death, but the punishment was commuted to a year's imprisonment. But now observe the different behaviour of one of the Derby ghosts in 1885. A man unprovided with any deadly weapon endeavours to seize him, whereupon Mr. Ghost whips out a revolver and threatens to shoot him. If this represents the average conduct of the dwellers in the World of Shadows the Psychical Society must be careful how it carries on its inquiries.

THE "GENESTA'S" VICTORIES.—Although Sir Richard Sutton's splendid cutter has not succeeded in securing the object of her mission, she will nevertheless return to our shores laden with honour. The *America* Cup is not among her trophies, but she will bring back the Commodore's Cup, the Brenton Reef Cup, and the Cape May Cup, won with ease in competition with the fleetest yachts in the United States, always excepting the redoubtable *Puritan*. It is now evident that this last-named clipper must be one of those marvellously speedy craft which appear now and then carrying all before them until some builder learns the nature of their lines, and, improving on them, turns out a still smarter boat. Old yachtsmen will remember how the *Secret* won some twenty races in succession, how the *Mosquito* sailed away from all comers, and how invincible the *Arrow* proved herself in a number of encounters. Then, later on, there

was that wonderful schooner, the *Miranda*, probably the fastest "two-sticker" that ever floated in English waters. The *Puritan* seems to be one of these exceptional flyers, it being palpable from the *Genesta's* later victories that there is no yacht in America to compare with the one or the other. In the race for the Commodore's Cup, the English champion met three schooners and seven cutters, beating the whole lot handsomely from start to finish. She had only one competitor, the *Dauntless*, in her other two matches, but that craft bears a good reputation for speed. The *Genesta* nevertheless sailed right away from her as completely in rough weather as in smooth, and, as the course measured 270 miles in the one instance and 225 miles in the other, the distance was sufficiently long to test their sailing merits at every point. In the second heat for the *America* Cup the *Puritan* only beat the *Genesta* by about a minute and a half, after a neck and neck race the whole way, and we are inclined to believe that the result might have been different had Sir Richard Sutton's skipper struck his topsail, as the captain of the *Puritan* did, when it came on to blow hard.

ALLEGED PROFESSIONS OF THIEVES, &c.—A commercial traveller writes to complain that bad characters, when arrested, describe themselves as "travellers," without any reasonable claim to the honourable title. He suggests that, in order to substantiate their statements, they should be asked the name of the firm in whose service they are. The world, however, is so big, and there are such lots of firms, that such an additional statement would afford little enlightenment to people in general. It may in some degree soothe the feelings of our commercial traveller to remind him that other professions suffer from the same grievance. It is a well-known fact that the vivacious young gentlemen who extinguish street-lamps, ring door-bells at two in the morning, and behave in an unseemly manner at music-halls, &c., are not nearly so often "medical students" as they allege themselves to be. Again, we have noticed that there are two businesses which apparently supply an undue number of recruits to the criminal class. The businesses are those of cigar-makers and brass-finishers. Perhaps "brass-finisher" has a hidden meaning, implying that, when a man has got rid of or "finished" all his "brass" (North-country for money), he is compelled to resort to felonious pursuits in order to obtain a further supply.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT OF FOUR PAGES, two describing "A VISIT to an AUSTRALIAN GOLD MINE," and a Double-page Engraving entitled "THE PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES IN DENMARK—'L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.'"



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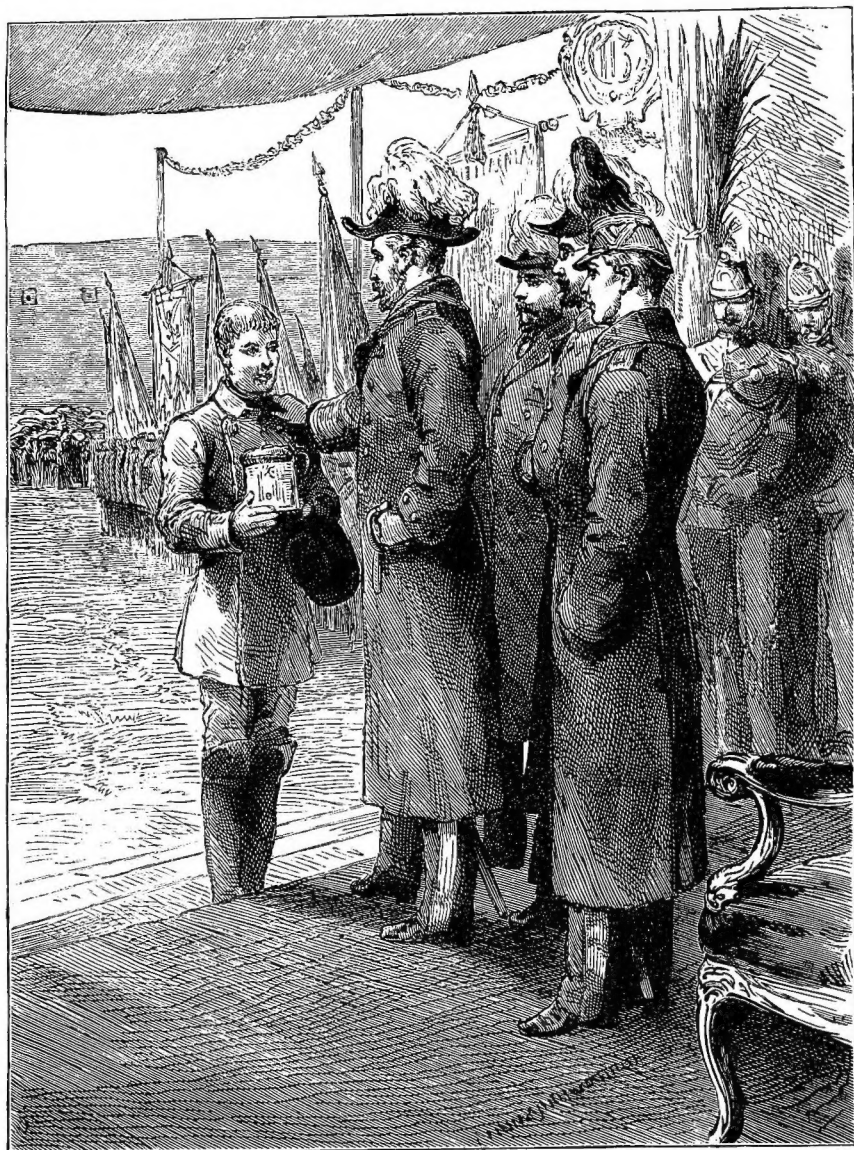


## THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SCANDINAVIA

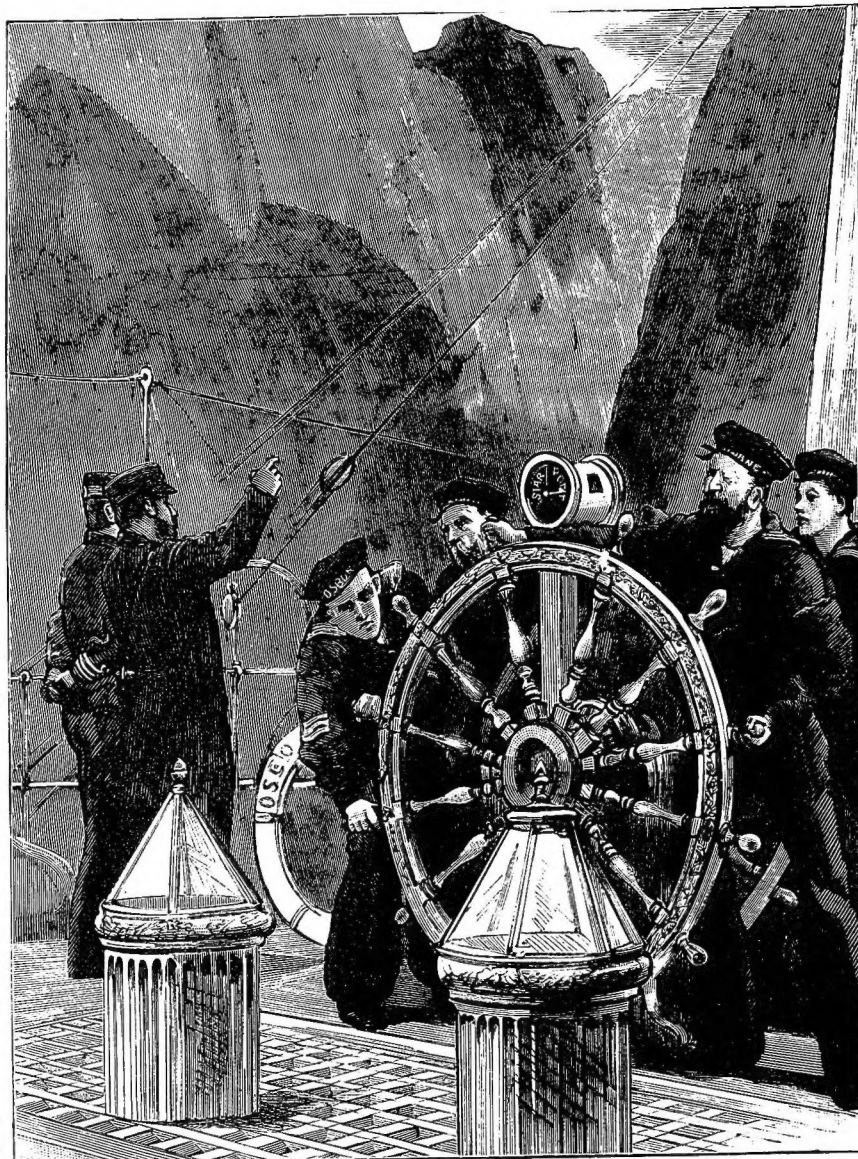
WE recently illustrated the Prince of Wales and his suite carrying down the Nærodal, one of the grandest mountain defiles in Norway, and now we depict the *Osborne* in the Næro Fjord, a narrow gorge between perpendicularly precipitous rocks which tower there above the water to a height of 4,000 or 5,000 feet. Magnificent waterfalls of over 3,000 feet high come down from the snowfields on the summits, and add to the wildness of the scene which, owing to the fact that the sun is entirely hidden by the mountains, has a striking and severe gloominess peculiarly its own. Rock and cataract seemed to meet over the trucks of the *Osborne*, and sometimes to hem her in stem and stern. Suddenly a narrow gorge would open, and the four sturdy men at the double wheel would unite their strength to bring her head to it. The Næro Fjord leads from Gudvangen to the Aurlands Fjord, which again leads into the Sogne Fjord.

Our next sketches take us to Stockholm, where one shows King Oscar distributing the prizes at the Scandinavian Rifle Meeting. Mr. Sydney P. Hall writes:—"It was fearfully rainy and cold. The poor people had been waiting, and were drenched. Yet the prizemen all came up smiling, and it was pleasant to see the King put his hand affectionately on the shoulder of each rifleman with congratulations on winning the cup. Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes were represented. The Swedes won the Scandinavian Cup." The Royal Swedish Yacht Club dinner took place on September 6th, and at this Mr. Hall tells us the Prince's health (the Prince is a member of the club) was proposed by the King, and drunk with great enthusiasm, and with the special honour of "Flying Topsails," proposed by Admiral Lagercrantz—napkins being flung up by the guests in the air. "The scene was one of great excitement. The Prince made a very good and appropriate speech in return. Everything at the dinner carried out the special nautical character of the occasion. Round the room were hung the flags of all the yacht clubs in the world. Dishes were decked with little model yachts—Swedish boats grounded high and dry on the comestibles. On one of these King Oscar wrote his name, 'Oscar,' and sent it to Sir Allen Young as a present. Sir Allen Young, the famous captain of the *Pandora*, it was interesting to note, sat next to Professor Nordenskjöld, and close to Captain Palander, the heroes of the *Vega* Expedition. At the farewell lunch at Drottningholm, next day, the Prince was waited upon by the Löpare of the Queen and the Princess of Dalecarlia. The costume of the Löpare is very peculiar, and the three ostrich feathers which they wear on their heads, certainly more than three feet high, are said to be very costly. The Löpare only attend on the Queen and Royal Princesses, and are styled in French 'couteurs,' though they must find it difficult to run. I made my sketch under the table, and watched with considerable interest the manner in which my models got under a doorway when they had occasion to do so. At dinner, too, they seemed to be in danger of setting fire to their plumes at the chandeliers. The nether garments are equally peculiar, consisting of a petticoat, beneath which are breeches fringed with deep lace of the Charles II. period. My sketch of the Prince wild-swan shooting at Ekolsund shows Mr. Seton, the proprietor of the estate, punting His Royal Highness in a flat-bottomed boat, with the mass of wild swans rising white against the rain clouds. It was a grand sight. The creaking noise made by so many wings beating the air overhead was most peculiar. Mr. Seton entertained the King, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince, Prince Eugène, and their suites at lunch after the shooting. The swans migrate at the end of September. They have made Ekolsund their 'svannas' for centuries. Big as they are, they are exceedingly difficult to kill. The Prince's bag was three swans and a teal."





THE KING OF SWEDEN DISTRIBUTING PRIZES AT THE STOCKHOLM RIFLE MEETING



"HARD A PORT!"—THE "OSBORNE" IN THE NÆROFJORD AFTER LEAVING GUDVANGEN



THE FAREWELL LUNCH AT DROTTNINGHOLM—THE PRINCE OF WALES WAITED ON BY THE LÖPARE OF THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCESS OF DALECARLIA



DRINKING THE PRINCE'S HEALTH "WITH FLYING TOPSAILS," AT THE ROYAL SWEDISH YACHT CLUB DINNER, STOCKHOLM



W. G. George

W. Cummings



THE TEN-MILE RACE AT LILLIE BRIDGE BETWEEN W. G. GEORGE AND W. CUMMINGS FOR £100 A SIDE

THE PRINCE OF WALES SHOOTING WILD SWANS AT EKOLSUND, SWEDEN  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



On Saturday, September 19th, the Prince and Princess laid the foundation stone of a new English Episcopalian church at Copenhagen. The Prince is Chairman of the London Committee for raising funds for this building, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, who was present at the ceremony, being the Hon. Treasurer and Secretary. A very pretty site has been chosen on the esplanade close to the Customs House pier, and in sight of the crew of any English vessel happening to be in harbour. The ceremony was attended by the King and Queen of Denmark, the Czar, the Czarina, the Corps Diplomatique, and representatives of official circles, and of the Danish clergy, together with the chief British residents. The Royal party were received by the British Ambassador, the Hon. E. Monson, and entered a tent opposite the foundation stone. After a brief musical service the choir, followed by the Chaplain to the Legation, the Rev. C. A. Moore, formed in procession, and led the way to a canopy behind the stone. The Prince and Princess and the Royal party followed, and were received by the architect of the church, Mr. Blomfield. Mr. Monson then handed the Princess a silver trowel, and requested her to perform the ceremony. The Princess, with her own hands, spread the cement on the stone, which was then duly laid, the Princess striking the stone three times. The Prince then struck the stone, saying, "In the faith of Jesus Christ we fix this stone on this foundation, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. We trust that inside the walls that shall be built hereupon, and be called by the name of St. Albans, the true faith may be preached, the sacraments properly administered, and this place for ever be devoted to pious prayers and hymns, to the honour of our Lord Jesus Christ." The Prince, then, in reply to an address from Mr. Monson, thanked both English and Danish donors to the church funds, and expressed his earnest hope that the friendship between England and Denmark would always maintain its cordiality. The Prince wore a British Field-Marshal's uniform, and the Princess an olive-green dress and bonnet trimmed with pink roses and rosebuds. The Czar and the King of Denmark wore Danish uniforms, with the Ribbon of the Garter. An airtight tube containing a paper with the date of the ceremony and the names of the Royal personages present was deposited in a cavity in the foundation-stone. Our double-page supplement represents the Imperial and Royal personages, who had lunched on board the *Osborne*, after the ceremony leaving that vessel in the barge of the Russian Imperial yacht *Dershaava*. The Prince of Wales is wearing a Danish Hussar uniform. Our artist has been aided in drawing the portraits by some admirable photographs taken by Mr. Tevis Michelsen, Vesoul, France, and by the equally admirable photographs of the Comte de St. Priest.

#### THE GREAT PEDESTRIAN MATCH

THE third of the series of three matches between the champion professional pedestrian, W. Cummings, of Paisley and Preston, and W. G. George, the ex-amateur long-distance champion runner, was decided at Lillie Bridge, West Brompton, on Monday last, the 28th ult. The distance was ten miles, and the stakes 100l. a side. George won the first of the series—namely, the one mile at Lillie Bridge, on August 31st, in 4 min. 20 sec., Cummings giving up in the last lap; but Cummings turned the tables in the four miles at Edinburgh on September 12th, George retiring soon after completing three miles, when headed by Cummings. It was thus left for Monday's race to decide the question of the relative superiority of the two men, and some 12,000 spectators assembled in the grounds of the Amateur Athletic Club to witness the performance. The time fixed for the event was five P.M. The weather was desirable for a fast race, as the wind had dropped, and the temperature was genial. Cummings appeared in capital condition; George, on the contrary, looked pale, haggard, and by no means confident. The pace at first was slow, but subsequently improved. George soon fell into the rear, and before long all chance of his ultimate victory was over. The interest then centred in the possibility of Cummings beating the record. This the Scotchman did, completing the distance of ten miles in the unprecedented time of 51 min. 6 3-5 sec., thus beating the record by 13 2-5 sec. George also finished at his best pace, but the watch gave him time as 52 min. 17 sec., or fifty-seven seconds behind his own previous standard performance in April, 1884.—Cummings' portrait is from a photograph kindly lent to us by the editor of *The Sporting Life*; George's portrait is from a photograph by W. S. Bradshaw, 103, Newgate Street, E.C.

#### PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Bulgaria, who in 1879 was elected to the throne of the newly-formed State of Bulgaria, and who has recently assumed the sovereignty of Eastern Roumelia, is the second son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, brother of the late Empress of Russia. His mother was born Countess Von Hauke, and was the daughter of a former Polish Minister of War, but she was created Princess of Battenberg on her marriage. His elder brother, Prince Louis of Battenberg, is an officer of the British Navy, while Prince Henry is the husband of the Princess Beatrice. Prince Alexander was originally an officer in the Prussian service, but he did not enter upon his duties without knowing something of the people over whom he was called to rule, as he served in the Russian Army during the Russo-Turkish War, being present at the siege of Plevna, and crossing the Balkans with General Gourko. His throne, however, during the past six years has proved far from a bed of roses, and almost immediately on his accession he began to quarrel with the Russians concerning the tutelage which they sought to maintain over Bulgarian affairs, civil and military. In 1881 he committed a serious error in suddenly suspending the Democratic Constitution of Tirnova, which had been promulgated by the former Russian Regent-Governor, Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff, and the Russians were not slow to take advantage of this, and intrigue with the Radicals for the Prince's overthrow. In 1883, however, Prince Alexander not only restored the Constitution, but, turning upon the Russians, asked why the Bulgarians should not be allowed to have a Bulgarian Home Minister, instead of having to submit to the dictation of a Russian official? This won the hearts of the Bulgarians, who supported him heart and soul, and Russia was obliged eventually to recall the Ministers who were thwarting the Prince at every turn, and to replace them by more impartial men. Since that time the Prince has been highly popular throughout Bulgaria, and last year created a most favourable impression by making a tour on horseback, and almost unescorted, through his dominions, so as to make acquaintance with his people. His present action in accepting the sovereignty of Eastern Roumelia, and proclaiming the union of the Two Bulgarias, has completed the enthusiasm of his subjects, who are placing their lives and fortunes at his disposal should the present crisis result in war. Prince Alexander is tall and strikingly handsome, and is twenty-nine years of age.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Carl Backofen, Darmstadt.

#### THE SOCIALIST MEETINGS AT THE EAST END

DOD STREET, a short street of moderate breadth, lined on both sides with warehouses, and leading out of the Burdett Road, Limehouse, was but the other day unknown to the world at large. It has now become a historic thoroughfare, and its name will probably be embalmed in the annals of Radical progress. For some years past crowds—religious, political, and otherwise—have been in the habit of holding meetings every Sunday in Dod Street. Till the end of last July these gatherings were not interfered with. But at that time, a zealous—possibly over-zealous—inspector of police caused a member of the Socialist body to be arrested on the charge of creating an

obstruction, and he was taken before the magistrate at the Thames Street Police Court, and fined. Since then several arrests have been made, notably on Sunday week, when eight persons were arrested, and convicted. As the Socialists and their various democratic allies declared that on the following Sunday they would again assemble and brave the penalties of the law, it was feared that serious riots would ensue, and that much ill-feeling would be created. But the matter had now reached the ears of the world at large, and public opinion almost unanimously decided that, without reference to the special doctrines preached by the Socialists, they ought not to be forbidden from gathering together in the open air, provided that they caused no real obstruction. Now Dod Street, on Sundays, practically leads from nowhere to nowhere. So it came to pass that the Home Secretary issued a ukase, ordering the police to let the orators and their listeners alone so long as they caused no obstruction to traffic. The result was that the meeting, though some 30,000 persons "assisted" at it, passed off quite quietly. There were six pair-horse breaks on the ground, tenanted by the chiefs of various Socialist and Radical associations, and some impassioned speeches were made. The release of a man who had been committed to Holloway Gaol was demanded, and it was proposed that the police should be prosecuted for their alleged perjury. After this, the vast assemblage dispersed without disorder.

#### REGATTA AT CONSTANTINOPLE

A REGATTA at Constantinople presents features which are wanting in similar gatherings in the West, while the interest excited by the variety of boats engaged is heightened by the international character given by the participation in the races of the crews of the foreign men-o'-war stationed in the Bosphorus.

On the 27th August one of the most successful regattas which have ever been held in the Levant took place at the Prince's Islands; the favourite watering-place of Constantinople's financial world, as Buyukdere is of the diplomatic. Between this group of islands and the northern shore of the Marmora is a sheet of land-locked water. The surface of the water was crowded with a variety of craft darting about in all directions, and, as a setting to the picture, on the one side was a long line of men-o'-war steamers and tug-boats, covered with gay bunting from truck to water-line, and on the other the spectator-lined Prinkipo shore, with its picturesque villas and lovely gardens which rise tier above tier. Specimens of all the craft known to the Levant were dotting the water, from the light, narrow, swiftly-gliding caique of the Bosphorus to the heavy Maltese barca. Light Turkish four and six-oared racing gigs competed for prizes as well as caiques. The most exciting contests of the day were, however, the men-o'-war boat races. Our American cousins in this portion of the *fête* carried off the chief laurel—a boat of the corvette *Quinnebaug*, which happens to be on a roving commission in this part of the world, took the prize for ten-oared cutters. It was a most close finish, the boat of Hobart Pasha and a Russian coming in close behind. The boats, of which there were eight started, all kept well together, and it was difficult to say until the end which boat would win. It is estimated that over 20,000 people went down to Prinkipo to witness the *fête*, which concluded with a grand display of fireworks at night, and a magnificent ball.—Our engraving is from an instantaneous photograph by M. Sebah, the well-known Constantinople photographer.

#### THE REMARKABLE BIGAMY CASE

It might have been supposed that the famous ejaculation of Mr. Weller, senior, "Vy vorn't there an alleybi, Sammy?" was as inappropriate to a bigamy as to a breach of promise case; but truth is stranger than fiction, and this was the line of defence adopted in the recent trial of James Malcolm. It was, moreover, so far successful that, after a trial lasting five days, the jury were unable to agree, and therefore all the proceedings will have to be repeated. The intense interest shown in this case was almost entirely due to the disputed identity of the accused. Nobody attempted to deny that a certain gentleman, calling himself Captain Macdonald, had gone down to Brighton, made hot and hasty love to Miss Emma Dash, had married her, had partaken of a wedding breakfast in company with other persons, and had then, after a very short honeymoon, disappeared into the infinite, for the ship which he professed to be about to join had sailed weeks before. Months elapsed, and the disconsolate Emma heard nothing of her spouse until a friend met a gentleman in Highland costume disporting himself at the Butchers' Garden Party at Walham Green, and at once identified him as Captain Macdonald. So did Emma, so did the clergyman who married them. But Mr. James Malcolm, a reputable person, in the employ of a meat salesman in the Metropolitan Meat Market, and a married man to boot, living quietly at home with his wife, stoutly disputed the identity. Then came the fire and cross-fire of contradictory evidence, till at last the listeners began to think that, after all, Sir Boyle Roche was wrong, and that a man can be in two places at once, like a bird. At all events the jury were hopelessly at loggerheads, and thus the barren result above recorded.—Our portraits are from photographs, as follows:—Mrs. Dash, by H. Spink, Brighton; Miss Dash, by Bertin and Collier, 83, King's Road, Brighton; and James Malcolm by D. S. Stacy, 62, Upper Street, Islington.

#### REVIEW OF THE GUARDS

ON the morning of the 24th ult., the Duke of Cambridge reviewed in Hyde Park the three battalions of the Guards recently returned from the Soudan, namely, the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadiers (under Colonel Thynne), the 1st of the Coldstreams (Colonel Lambton), and the 2nd of the Scots (Colonel Stracey). Each battalion was made up of eight companies, and the thin red line stretched for over half a mile facing the Knightsbridge Barracks, the total strength being 65 officers, and 1,812 men of other ranks. The chief feature of interest to the lookers-on was the march past. The Duke of Cambridge expressed his gratification at the appearance of the men, remarking that they looked very well, and not so brown as he had expected. But it would be very misleading to estimate the sacrifices entailed by a tropical campaign from the spectacle of these guardsmen drawn up in battle array in Hyde Park. The dead were not there; the invalids were not there; these men were the fortunate ones who had escaped comparatively unscathed. After marching past three times in different formations, the Brigade was drawn up so as to form three sides of a square, when the Duke delivered a few words of hearty congratulation. After this the battalions marched back to their respective barracks, to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and other appropriate airs. Among the company who assembled to witness the review were the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Teck, the Earl of Lucan, Sir Gerald Graham, and General Higginson.

#### THE KAMRI PASS

THIS Pass, which is more properly known as Kamri Pir, has been recently brought to notice by the fact that Colonel Lockhart and his reconnaissance were delayed there by the unusual accumulation of snow which had fallen there during last winter and spring. The Pass, which attains an elevation of 14,500 feet, is met with in the six days' march from Srinagar, and on the second day from the pleasant little plain of Gurais in the Kishungunga Valley. To reach this valley from the Kashmir Plain another pass of 11,770 feet has to be climbed. Hence, between Kashmir and the Indus, two passes

intervene which are almost as high as the highest of European mountains. On the Kashmir side of the ridge the Barasingh deer find their summer home. Here they are free from the heat and flies, and from the pursuer, as while here their antlers are in the velvet. On the ranges also, and in the glens which divide them, the ibex is to be found pretty abundantly.—Our engraving is from a sketch by a military officer.

#### WINNERS OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT SHOEBOURNESS

THE prize, which is given for the best aggregate score during the two weeks in the shell and 40-pounder competitions, consists of nine cups and badges, valued at 100l. This is the third time the 3rd Middlesex Artillery Volunteers have won this much-coveted honour. This time they won on their 4th Detachment. They were loudly cheered, and escorted about the camp, preceded by the band. Their score was a grand one, 105 in the three contests, counting in—36 in the shell, 36 in the first 40-pounder, and 33 in the second. Last year the same prize was taken by the 2nd Middlesex with 84. The names of the winners are as follows:—Sergeant J. D. Simmonds, Bombardier H. C. Hooker, Gunners T. E. Perry and A. G. Abbott, Corporal E. J. Coles, Gunners R. H. Benger, F. Shannon, and F. Field, and Sergeant C. H. Smith.—Our engraving is from a photograph lent to us by Mr. J. D. Simmonds, 7, The Crescent, Minorities, E.C.

#### A SCHOOL TREAT IN SCOTLAND

THIS entertainment does not appear to differ much from those prevailing on the south side of the Tweed. At all school-feasts probably there is a little boy who has put himself outside more cake and bread and jam than is consonant with the laws of digestive economy; but, on the other hand, it is doubtful whether on this side of the Border the children of this class would know how to dance a reel. In the misty North the "skirl of the pipes" is a familiar sound, and old and young are alike skilled in the inspiring dance of which these strident strains seem a natural provocative.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. G. D. Giles.

#### "FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY's New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 381.

#### NATIVE SERVANTS IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE text appended to the engravings of this series of pictures sufficiently explains their purport, but we may add the following extract from the artist's letter:—"It is not easy to get good coloured servants at the Cape, and new arrivals find them difficult to manage. Dishonesty is rife; the incidents here depicted are not exaggerated, and many an English woman gives up in despair the idea of keeping a native servant-girl."—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. H. Caslon-Blundell, of Victoria West, South Africa.

#### GOLD-MINING IN AUSTRALIA

See page 389.



#### I.

In the *Nineteenth Century* the Right Hon. G. J. Shaw Lefevre, M.P. writes what, from his particular standpoint, may be considered an instructive article on "The Question of Land." He draws attention to the fact that in their various corporate capacities the State and public bodies own about a twentieth part of cultivated English soil, and that this vast property might afford scope for the mental ingenuity of land reformers without, at first, trenching too severely on the rights of individuals.—Mr. W. C. Borlase, in his paper, "Parliament and the Church," states ably the various reasons for supposing that Disestablishment might tend to increase the religious welfare of the people of this country. Such a result, he thinks, would be beneficial for the Church, for "She would be distinct from all secular governments, which could neither humble her by their enmity, nor corrupt her by their friendship."—Mr. Richard A. Proctor is, as usual, interesting, anent "The New Star in the Andromeda Nebula."

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster tells over again, in the *North American Review*, the arguments which are used on one side of the unpleasant controversy to which the *Pall Mall Gazette* has given rise.—Very sensible are the opinions expressed by General FitzJohn Porter in "How to Quell Mobs." The only true kindness in the case of popular disturbance is unflinching severity at first. Our own history and that of the United States prove that hesitation in face of a furious mob means cruelty, not humanity.

*Harper's* continues this month its admirable reprint of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." Mr. A. E. Abbey's illustrations are excellent.—Mr. Pomeroy Keese has a valuable article on "Great American Industries: a Glass of Beer;" and Miss Mary Gray Morrison gives us a fictional study of a typical Pilgrim Father in "A Puritan Indeed."

We can only praise the beautiful verse with which Mr. A. C. Swinburne opens the *English Illustrated Magazine*. He is neither political nor social, but simply the artist and the poet. The first lines are:—

Days dawn on us that make amends for many  
Sometimes,  
When heaven and earth seem sweeter even than any  
Man's rhymes.

The initial thought is happily pursued.—Mr. J. Fitzgerald Molloy writes a paper, which will be read with pleasure, on "Saucy Kitty Clive," the witty and brilliant actress who was the friend of Johnson, and knew how to pester David Garrick.—Mr. Christie Murray begins what appears a hopeful serial in "Aunt Rachel."

To *Longmans* the author of "Christina North" contributes an agreeably-conceived short story entitled "Aimée."—Most interesting to thoughtful readers will be—barring the serials—be "A. K. H. B.'s" article, "Touching the Practical Effect of False Statements." The writer shows how much untruth colours each man's estimate of his neighbours and of things. "A. K. H. B." points a moral; but he points it cleverly and amusingly.

As to *Cornhill*, we have already said that "Court Royal" is admirable in its conception and humour, and it maintains itself.—"My First Deer Stalk" is a matter-of-fact, well-selected account of what is prosaic and of what is exciting in the form of the chase for which the Highlands are distinguished.—"The Recipe for Genius" is sardonic in tone, and may be recommended for perusal to the infatuated persons who have their bumps felt, and glare into mirrors to discover if Nature has left any external compensations for her deficient activity in the interior of their heads.

*Temple Bar*, besides a great deal that is good, contains also its speciality—a praiseworthy biographical paper, "Evelyn Jerrold on George Sand." A foot note informs us that the editor has reason to believe that this sketch of the erratic author of "Consuelo" was the last literary work done by Evelyn Jerrold. It is strongly sympathetic, and amongst other things would lead us to believe that Alfred de Musset was as selfish in his loves as that egotistic and lachrymose person Jacques Rolla, who governed neither himself nor his



life, but left the undertaking to his passions. If George Sand treated some of her friends badly, it was probably no more than they deserved.

"A Smittle Place for a Woodcock" is the title of a racy put together story by Finch Mason in *Forbes's Sporting Notes*. To be commended also is "Chameleon's" "Ice Yacht versus Train," which gives in short space and with vivid description an account of what must be among the most fascinating of winter pleasures on the American lakes and rivers.

"Stepniak" begins *Time* with one of his translated effusions, which he calls "The Russian Storm Cloud." Mr. W. Earl Hodgson says much that is true and intelligible, when he writes of "Party Organisation, the Curse of Country." There can be little doubt that partisanship tends to make men oblivious of those higher aspirations which they might do well not to forget. "A Working Man's" article, treating of "The Modern Pulpit and Religious Freedom," is more than usually intelligent. It is a clear exposure of many of the difficulties which hinder thoughtful and earnest men from showing the interest which they feel in much that goes on around them.

"An Unknown Portrait of Shakespeare" is treated of in a paper by Mr. E. Walford, in the current number of the *Anti-quarian Magazine*. The portrait, which is presumed to have been painted during Shakespeare's last illness, and shortly before his death, will be reproduced in *fac-simile*.



LORD ROSEBURY, speaking at Reigate on Monday, said that the first and most pressing of all reforms was the reduction of the excessive hours of labour. He asked what was the use of good homes to those who had no time to spend in them. The plots of land which were sought for them might as well be in Africa, for their owners would have no time to cultivate them. Their children might get free education, but they never received the best education of all, which came from intercourse with their parents. He was opposed to Socialism as a whole; but, if there was to be Socialism, it could not be better applied than in this matter.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT addressed a meeting of Dorset electors at Blandford on Monday. He said that the fair traders complained that everything was too cheap, and wished to make them dearer, and he advised them not to trust the party which laboured to make the rich more rich by making the poor poorer. With regard to the land, Sir William Harcourt said that he wished the tillers of the soil to have an interest in it, and be able to possess homes from which they could not be ejected.

AT CAMBRIDGE, on Tuesday, Mr. John Morley said that he did not believe in any pedantic or parsimonious treatment of Ireland, but that absolute independence for that country would be a disaster for itself and a dishonour to England. They must make the Irish people feel the responsibility, and train them in the practice of local self-government; and the only reason that a measure of this kind had not been introduced by the late Government was the aimless obstruction of the Conservatives, which wasted the time of Parliament.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, speaking at Salisbury on Wednesday, said that if the present means for repressing boycotting and other outrages in Ireland were insufficient, they must look for others, as the law must be upheld. He described Mr. Gladstone's manifesto as extremely vague, and said that the policy of the Tories was to uphold Church and State, to help those who could not help themselves, and to maintain a respect for the laws of property.

THE RADICAL PROGRAMME with regard to land has been briefly stated in a letter to Mr. Chamberlain. It is as follows:—"First, free trade in land; second, registration of titles; third, taxation of uncultivated land; fourth, restitution of common land or other public rights which have been illegally appropriated; fifth, the conferring on public bodies the right to purchase land for public uses at fair prices; and sixth, the enfranchisement of leaseholds upon equitable terms."

IRELAND.—The state of the country becomes worse and worse. Rents are withheld altogether in many parts of the country, and boycotting is constantly resorted to. The Loyalists' Protective Association intend organising a fund for those suffering from their resistance to boycotting, and it is hoped that people in England will come forward and subscribe to it. A series of moonlight outrages were perpetrated in Kerry on Saturday night. Seventeen houses were visited by a party of fourteen or fifteen men, who at each of them obtained arms or money from the inmates. Shortly before midnight on Monday, the house of Michael Morrissey, near Tipperary, was fired into, during the absence of the owner, whose wife suffered severely from the shock.—The Governors and Directors of the Bank of Ireland have decided to publish their accounts after the end of this year.—M. F. H. O'Donnell, writing to the *Freeman's Journal* to announce his retirement from Parliamentary life, prefers the following charges against Parnellism:—"It has subordinated national action to a policy at Westminster, and has not developed free discussion and demonstration among the people, while popular organisation has been devoted to the mere objects of registration and money subscriptions. In fact, Parnellism has thwarted every branch of political action which lay outside the capacity of five or six individuals."

THE REGISTRATION COURTS.—It has been decided by the Revising Barristers at both Oxford and Cambridge that Undergraduates are not entitled to the Franchise. At Oxford Mr. Plowden gave as his reason for this decision the numberless petty restrictions to which an Undergraduate had to submit, and drew a humorous picture of an Undergraduate who suffered them all on the same evening—how he was not allowed to bring his wife or his dog into his rooms, forbidden to play either cards or musical instruments, or to have dinner in his rooms, to which both the scout and the College authorities had a right of admission. At both Courts notice of appeal was given by the Conservatives, to which party the majority of Undergraduates belong. At Finsbury a voter on the lodgers' list was struck off for having within the qualifying year married his landlady.

THE ST. JAMES'S PARK STALL KEEPERS, who were evicted from the Park a few weeks ago, have addressed a letter to the papers complaining that ten pounds is all the compensation they are to receive for the loss of their means of livelihood, and asking that some other public place might be assigned to them for setting up their stalls. Three out of the five are over sixty years of age. If the stall-keepers' statement is correct, they have been treated with extraordinary shabbiness. How would the Court officials themselves like to be "retired" on such terms?

MR. ALDERMAN STAPLES was on Tuesday elected Lord Mayor for 1885-6. Mr. Staples was elected Alderman of Aldersgate in 1877, and served the office of Sheriff in the following year, his colleague being the late Mr. Alderman Nottage. He is a Conservative, and a member of the Church of England. Mr. Alderman Dunn Evans and Mr. Thomas Clarke, the Sheriffs

elected for the ensuing year, were sworn in on Monday at the Guildhall. In pursuance with custom, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs-Elect were entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening by the present Lord Mayor.

AT CHATHAM DOCKYARD, on Tuesday, another fine cruiser was launched. This was the *Severn*, a sister ship to the *Mersey*, which accomplished such a successful trial trip last week. The *Severn* will carry two 8-inch and four 6-inch breech-loading steel guns, six Nordenfeldt quick-firing guns, and several others, in addition to which she will be provided with eighteen Whitehead torpedoes. Her engines will be of 6,000 horse-power, and it is hoped that a speed of over eighteen knots will be developed.

LORD SHAFTESBURY is lying seriously ill at Folkestone. All his family are with him, except the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, who is detained abroad. His lordship does not suffer much pain, but it is feared that he cannot recover.

THE WEEK'S OBITUARY.—Mr. Robert O'Hara, for many years Parliamentary draftsman at the Irish Office, Whitehall, died last week at Ostend, in his fiftieth year. He was educated in Dublin and at Cambridge, where he was President of the Union Society. He was afterwards called to the Irish Bar, and then appointed counsel to the Irish Office, where his knowledge of Irish law was of great service. He was a member of the Commission for Statute Law Revision.—Mr. John Muirhead, a well-known electrical engineer, died last week, aged seventy-eight. He made various improvements in telegraphic machinery, and was the inventor of the Muirhead battery, the model for most of the electrical batteries used to-day.—It will be remembered that Mr. Frank Vizetelly, who sent sketches of Hicks Pasha's expedition to *The Graphic*, was believed to have survived the annihilation of that force. It is now certain that Mr. Vizetelly perished with the rest, for Father Bonomi, who was imprisoned at El Obeid, states that he is not among those captured.—The death is also announced of Mr. Cornelius Walford, author of several works on insurance, and member of the Royal Historical, the Statistical, and other learned Societies, who died on Monday, aged sixty; and, in his eighty-sixth year, of the Rev. Samuel Roberts, of Conway, an early advocate of a uniform cheap postage, and the supporter of many social reforms.



THE TURF.—The Newmarket First October Meeting, this week, has produced average sport, and was well attended by aristocratic and plutocratic racing men, the majority of whom have had their fill of grouse and partridge shooting, yachting, home and foreign travel, and other holiday amusements. Still, the gathering has been only preliminary, so to speak, to the more exciting meetings which will follow at head-quarters. On the Tuesday Gallant, who has performed well recently, was not so much fancied as either Nautilus or The Prince, but won easily enough in a field of eleven for the All Aged Trial Stakes; The Prince, who at one time seemed to have the race in hand, but refused, as is his wont, to struggle when the pinch came, running third. Blazon, who was made a hot favourite for the Selling Plate for Two-Year-Olds, had no great difficulty in beating his eight opponents. In the Buckenham Stakes for two-year-olds, Miss Jummy made up for previous disappointments by winning the stake for the Duke of Hamilton. Mr. Hammond's Altcar took the First Nursery, in a field of eleven, after starting unbefriended—probably one of the "starting prices" arrangements now come into fashion. The exciting event of the day was the dead heat (stakes divided) between Gay Hermit and Modwena in the Hopeful Stakes; and the Great Foal Stakes were won by Melton (with 25 to 1 on him), who now retires for the season, it is said, with all his honours thick upon him. On the Wednesday Lord Hartington scored in the Second Nursery with the Lady Ronald filly; Lord Hastings with Armida in the Triennial; and Lord Lurgan with Cintra in the Welter Handicap. The Great Eastern Handicap only produced seven runners, of whom Energy, with Archer up, was made an 11 to 8 favourite, but could not get a place, the race falling to the outsider, Jane.—The wagering on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire was pretty active, and at the time of writing Charmian is first favourite for the former, with Eurasian and Althorp in close attendance; and for the latter, Paradox still rules the roast, with St. Gatten close up. It is a matter for regret that the last-named, the winner of last year's long race, has been scratched, as also Bird of Freedom, and thus the race has been deprived of the presence of the two of the highest-class animals which had accepted.

COURSING.—The public coursing season may be said to have commenced at Gosforth Park, but it was not well attended. Coursing, whether public or private, in September always strikes us as a little too early. The supply of hares for private sport is good in most districts.

FOOTBALL.—There has been rather a lull in this game lately, and has just remarked anent coursing, September is full early for this pastime. Under Association Rules Nottingham Forest has beaten Stoke-on-Trent; Notts County Derbyshire; Church Darwin; Blackburn Rovers Aston Villa; and Queen's Park Glasgow Rangers. Rugbywise Bradford has beaten Broughton; Swinton Wigan; and Oldham Failsworth.

PEDESTRIANISM.—An account of Monday's ten mile race between George and Cummings is given in "Illustrations." Cummings not being satisfied with his defeat for the mile race has challenged George to run that distance again for from 100l. to 500l. a side. The total gate-money taken at Lillie Bridge on Monday last was 933l., which represents close upon 12,000 paying spectators.

YACHTING.—English yachtsmen greatly rejoice at the second victory of the *Genesta* over the *Dauntless*, one of the fastest craft in the American racing fleet. The contest was for the Cape May Challenge Cup, over a course of 225 miles. The race was sailed in a strong wind, at times approaching a gale, and Sir R. Sutton's *Genesta* won by no less than six hours.

LACROSSE.—This game is making great strides in all directions, and there are many who hope that eventually it will to a great extent supersede football. For the North of Ireland Flags there were eleven competitors, and, contrary to expectation, victory rested with Ards, which beat North of Ireland in the final.

CYCLING.—T. R. Marriott, Captain of the Nottingham Tricycle Club, has just completed a ride from Land's End to John o' Groat's House, a distance of about 950 miles, in 6 days 15h. and 25 min., thus beating all previous performances. His daily average was about 140 miles.—In a tricycle ride from Hitchen to Norwich, 231½ miles has been covered by J. L. Adams, of the Lewisham Bicycle Club, on a Rudge Rotary machine in 24 hours, and thus yet another "record beaten." If riders go on at this rate an Irishman might observe that there will soon be no records to beat.

CRICKET.—The return match between the English team and Philadelphia has been won by the former by 243 runs.



THE CONGO FREE STATE will enter the International Postal Union on January 1st, 1886.

"AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, IN WORD AND PICTURE," is the title of a new forthcoming work, edited by the Crown Prince Rudolf.

CREMATION is beginning to make way in the United States. Buffalo has built a crematory, Troy and Rochester are talking of following suit, while Detroit is preparing to build an expensive structure for the purpose.

THE GERMAN ACQUISITIONS IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN are classified by the Hamburg Geographical Society as follows:—Kaiser-Wilhelm's Land (New Guinea), 3,255 geographical square miles; New Ireland, 213 square miles; New Britain, 584; the Bismarck Archipelago, 948; making in all 5,000 German, or 80,000 English geographical square miles.

M. ÉMILE ZOLA, the French novelist, has been writing his reminiscences. At one period, he tells us, he was very pushed for money, and lived in a garret, scarcely having food to eat. Suddenly an idea struck him. He set a trap on the roof, and caught sparrows, of which he made most dainty dishes—these birds forming his only animal food for months.

AN OLD FRESCO has just been discovered in Gratz in Styria. Some workmen were engaged in restoring and repairing the Cathedral, and found the fresco hidden by a monument erected to a Bishop who died in 1570. The colours are almost fresh, and the figures, which represent the Crowning with Thorns, admirably drawn. The date is assigned to about 1460, and it is stated that cleaning is all that will be required to enable it to appear in its original beauty.

THE "OLDEST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES" has just been discovered in Minnesota, in the person of a negro, who is alleged to be 120 years of age. He asserts he was born in 1765, that his first owner was James Ewing, and that he has been with the Ewing family ever since. His memory is good, and his mind clear, and members of the Total Abstinence Societies may be somewhat edified to hear that he has smoked and chewed tobacco for 110 years, and has always drunk whisky—when he could get it.

FEMALE TRAM CONDUCTORS are common objects in the towns of Chili. During the war with Peru, when most of the able bodied men were drafted into the army, women were employed in this capacity, and proved themselves so successful that they have been continued in the employment. They are usually girls from twenty to twenty-five, dressed in natty uniforms and jaunty Panama hats and white pinafores. Consequently it is not surprising, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* informs us, that street-car riding has become a popular amusement with young men about town.

NEXT YEAR'S INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION in South Kensington will contain an interesting collection of models representative of the various branches of the Indian native army. Some twenty-two men have been selected from the 11th Bengal Lancers, the Viceroy's Body Guard, the 3rd Gorkhas, the 3rd Sikh Infantry, the 1st Punjab Cavalry, the Central India Horse, the Malwa Bheel Corps, the Mhairwara Battalion, the Deoli Irregular Force, the Bombay Infantry and Indian Marine Seamen, the Madras Sappers, and Madras Cavalry and Infantry to go to Calcutta to be modelled. Photographs of the men will also be sent, together with brief notes of each regiment, and of personal incidents in the military lives of the representatives. This information will be inscribed on small cards to be placed on the figures, and will also be reproduced in the Exhibition Catalogue. The arms, accoutrements, and uniforms of the men will be placed on the models.

A RETURN OF THE JEWISH POPULATION OF THE WORLD has been made by the Geographical Society of Marseilles, which estimates this people at 6,377,602. There are 5,407,602 in Europe, 245,000 in Asia, 413,000 in Africa, 300,000 in America, and 12,000 in Oceania. The European Jews are distributed as follows:—1,643,708 in Austro-Hungary, 561,612 in Germany, 60,000 in Great Britain, 3,000 in Belgium, 3,946 in Denmark, 1,900 in Spain, 70,000 in France, 2,652 in Greece, 7,373 in Switzerland, 8,693 in Holland, 36,289 in Italy, 600 in Luxembourg, 200 in Portugal, 260,000 in Roumania, 2,552,145 in Russia, 3,492 in Serbia, 3,000 in Sweden and Norway, and 116,000 in European Turkey. There are about 150,000 in the Asiatic Provinces of Turkey, 15,000 in Persia, 47,000 in Asiatic Russia, in India and China 19,000, and 14,000 in Turkestan and Afghanistan. In Africa there are about 35,000 in Algeria, 100,000 in Morocco, 55,000 in Tunis, 6,000 in Tripoli, 200,000 in Abyssinia, 8,000 in Egypt, 8,000 scattered over the Desert, and about 1,000 at the Cape of Good Hope.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,081 deaths were registered, against 1,231 during the previous seven days, a fall of 149, being 355 below the average, and at the rate of 13·8 per 1,000, which was considerably lower than the rate recorded in any week since the first publication of the Registrar-General's weekly returns. These deaths included 3 from small-pox (a decline of 3), 15 from measles (a rise of 1), 16 from scarlet fever (a fall of 4), 18 from diphtheria (a decrease of 7), 26 from whooping-cough (an increase of 1), 14 from enteric fever (a rise of 5), 3 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 49 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 9), 1 from infantile cholera, and not one from typhus fever. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs were 159, a rise of 7, but were 50 below the average. The deaths of two children and one adult were referred to hydrophobia. Different forms of violence caused 45 deaths, 35 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 23 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, and 1 from lead poisoning. The mean temperature of the air was 52·7 deg., and 3·4 deg. below the average. Rain fell on four days of the week to the aggregate amount of 0·18 of an inch. The registered bright sunshine in the week was 34·1 hours, against 42·4 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT seem adepts at opening letters. There is a *gabinete negro*, a Black Chamber in the Post Office, where letters to and from the capital are opened, read, re-enclosed, and forwarded to their destination, retained, or destroyed as the case may be. Steam for gummed envelopes and red hot platinum wire for those sealed with wax are no longer adopted to investigate public and private correspondence. The mode of action is almost sublime in its simplicity and effectiveness. Gum and seals are no longer tampered with, and the most careful investigator of the fastening of the envelopes in which his letters are enclosed cannot find any trace of their having been touched. He hardly ever thinks of examining the bottom of the envelope, and if he did he would possibly be no wiser. A knife sharper than a razor is run along the bottom of the envelope, the correspondence extracted, read, and replaced. The artist then with a fine camel's-hair brush draws a fine line of liquid cement along the opening, applies a light amount of pressure, and on tearing the envelope open the last part to give way is that thus cemented. But accidents will happen when these operations are conducted on a wholesale scale, and the receiver of a letter is sometimes not a little astonished to find inside his envelope a letter addressed to somebody else, from a place, and by a person, to him utterly unknown.

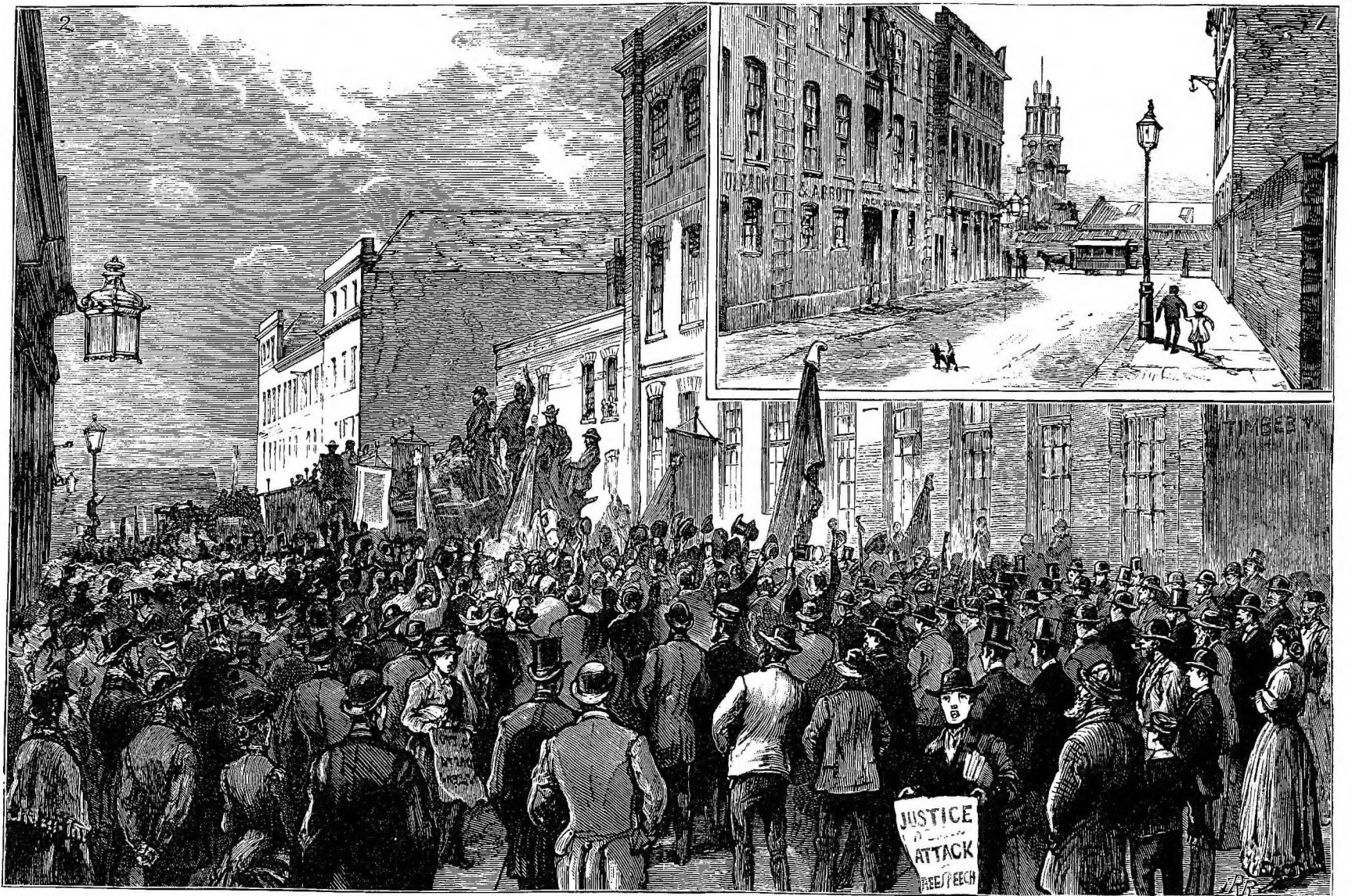




PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA

ELECTED PRINCE OF BULGARIA APRIL 29, 1879

DECLARED BY THE POPULAR VOICE RULER OF BULGARIA AND EASTERN ROUMELIA SEPT. 18, 1885

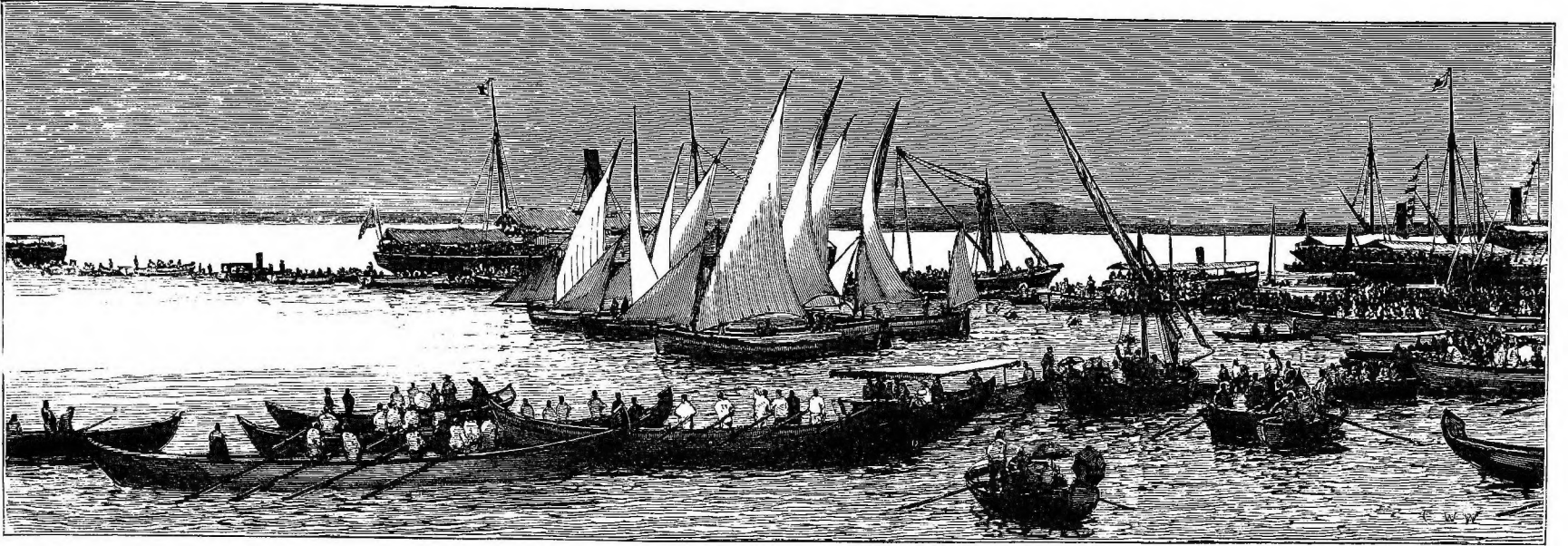


1. Do1 Street, Limehouse, as it Usually is on Sundays.

2. Dod Street During the Socialist Demonstration of Sunday, Sept. 27.

THE SOCIALIST SUNDAY MEETINGS AT THE EAST END





GRAND REGATTA AT CONSTANTINOPLE



JAMES MALCOLM  
The Accused

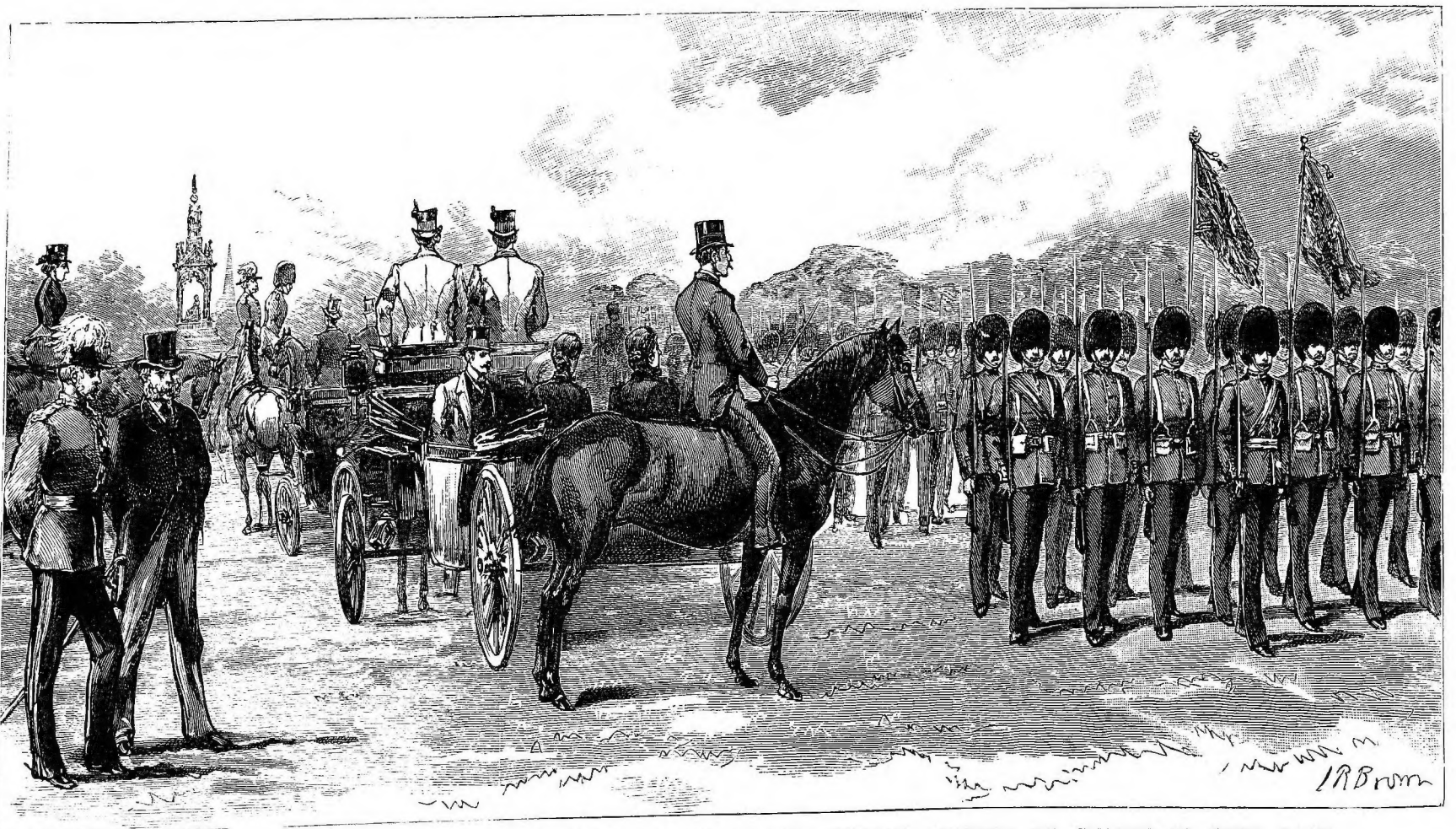


MISS DASH  
The Prosecutrix



MRS. DASH  
Mother of the Prosecutrix

THE ALLEGED CASE OF BIGAMY



THE DUKES OF CAMBRIDGE AND CONNAUGHT REVIEWING THE SOUDAN BRIGADE OF GUARDS IN HYDE PARK





THE revolution in EASTERN ROUMELIA and the union of the two Bulgarias under Prince Alexander are now practically recognised by all Europe as accomplished facts. Turkey, beyond calling up some battalions of her First Reserves, has made no hostile movements, and has wisely sheltered herself behind the Powers, to whom she has addressed a protest against the infraction of the Berlin Treaty, and has thus refrained from entering upon a war the result of which would be certain defeat. Moreover, the Sultan has changed his Ministry, for Said Pasha and his colleagues were very decided advocates of hostile measures, and has formed a new and more conciliatory Cabinet under Kiamil Pasha. In answer to the Porte's appeal a species of informal conference is to be held by the Ambassadors at Constantinople for the purposes of ensuring concerted action at the present crisis, of preventing a conflict, and of giving the Powers responsible for the maintenance of the Treaty of Berlin an opportunity to seek in common a solution which, to quote the words of the Russian official journal, "will be most in conformity with the interests of Turkey and Bulgaria, of the balance of power in the East, and consequently of peace in general." While it is now universally admitted that the union of the two Bulgarias must be recognised, it is felt that such a gross breach of the Berlin Treaty cannot be passed over unnoticed. Indeed, the other States of the Balkan peninsula are fully determined that it shall not, and that if Bulgaria is to be permitted to double her territory with impunity, they will insist upon having an equivalent share of plunder.

In this SERBIA is taking a very pronounced lead. There has ever been jealousy between Serb and Bulgar, and the Servians are terribly afraid lest Macedonia should now fall into Bulgaria's hands. King Milan is accordingly mustering together his forces with all possible speed, has 40,000 men under arms, has called up 60,000 more, so that the most disturbing element in the present crisis is the warlike enthusiasm of his people, which at any moment may cause an outbreak of hostilities in Old Serbia and Macedonia. In such case Greece, whose population just now are almost as greatly excited, would also invade Macedonia to secure her share. Montenegro would invade Albania, where, indeed, there has already been further fighting between the Turks and insurgents, while Prince Nicholas has suspended the work of frontier delimitation. Thus the whole of Western Turkey would become one vast battle-field. Roumania also is affected by the general annexation fever, and M. Bratiano has visited Vienna to urge that in a general partition of European Turkey Roumanian interests should not be neglected. There is a latent fear also that the next Bulgarian move may be directed towards the Dobrukscha, which, though south of the Danube, was awarded to Roumania by the Berlin Treaty in exchange for some territory given up by the Roumanians to Russia. Austria is tacitly supporting King Milan in his claims for more territory, and would not be sorry to see Bulgaria punished by the transfer of either the Widdin or the Sophia districts to Servian rule as the price of Eastern Roumelian autonomy. Russia on the other hand would evidently prefer that the punishment should be visited on Prince Alexander personally. The mere rumour of this has at once brought three candidates in the field for the Bulgarian throne, Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, Peter Karageorgevich, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark. As the last-named is the Czar's brother-in-law the appearance of his name in connection with this question is somewhat significant. Moreover, a story has been circulated that Russia had originally fomented the pan-Bulgarian agitation with the intention of overthrowing Prince Alexander and King Milan of Servia. Serbia, the Bulgarias, and Macedonia, would then have been united under one Sovereign—of course, a Muscovite nominee. Prince Alexander, however, got wind of this little scheme, and brought about the revolution on his own account.

Meanwhile Prince Alexander is exerting himself to the utmost to render the possession of his new dominions as secure as possible. Strong bodies of troops have been sent to the Turkish frontier, but at the same time he has issued the most stringent orders that all conflict is to be avoided as far as possible, and that any act of aggression will be heavily punished. The Prince is taking especial pains to conciliate the Mussulman population, declared to a Mahomedan deputation that his action was not due to any warlike intention against Turkey, and on Saturday visited the Grand Mosque at Hippopolis, where the Imam offered up prayers for both the Sultan and the Prince, after which the Prince assured the congregation that he would vouch for the maintenance of public order irrespective of creed and nationality. The Bulgarian Assembly last week approved the action of the Prince with the utmost enthusiasm, and voted him a loan, while the mobilisation of the army has been responded to with the utmost eagerness—even it is said to the formation of an Amazonian regiment. The Prince has despatched envoys to the Powers, and a special mission to the Czar, who he knows full well bears him no goodwill. For this reason it is rumoured that the Prince has offered to abdicate provided that Russia will undertake to preserve the homogeneity and good government of the two Bulgarias. The Russian officers in the Bulgarian Army have not resigned as at first stated, but they are not liked by their Bulgarian colleagues, who naturally do not feel perfectly at home in an army mainly officered and commanded by foreigners. To return to the broad aspect of the whole question, it is generally felt that a peaceful settlement will be effected, and that even if Servia and Greece take active measures in Macedonia, Turkey will prefer to place herself under the protection of the Powers, rather than risk her remaining territory by hostile resistance.

The dispute between GERMANY and SPAIN has been referred to the "mediation" of the Pope. The suggestion came from Prince Bismarck, and could hardly be refused by Spain, as the Roman Catholic country *par excellence* in Europe, and especially as she owes her original title to many of her outlying possessions to a Papal Bull. Nor, indeed, could the Pope refuse to act in the matter as his recognition by Germany as a still existing Power in Europe was far too valuable to be set aside, while at the same time it implied a distinct snub to the Quirinal. Indeed, the Italians are by no means pleased at the Vatican being chosen to settle an important dispute between two European Powers, as they regard it as a recognition that temporal power still remains to the Pope. Nor are the Spaniards themselves wholly content, as they fear that the Pope may be influenced by the wish to repay the friendliness of Germany; and even the Ultramontanes, disregarding completely the doctrine of Infallibility, go so far as to state that Spain, after all, need not be bound by the decision of a mediator, even if he be the Head of the Church.

The Vatican, indeed, is somewhat in a dilemma, for if Pope Leo decides in favour of Germany, he certainly will be accused of being actuated by the above motive. Should he adjudge the Spanish claims to be justifiable, he will be accused of favouring Spain from a religious standpoint; while a compromise will offend both parties, and involve him in the implication of trying to serve God and Mammon. This appeal to an authority who cannot in any way be termed impartial is another instance of Prince Bismarck's policy,

which frequently appears to aim at making everybody concerned in any transaction with Germany profoundly uncomfortable. The Vatican, however, are getting to work in the matter, and a Committee of Cardinals has been formed to examine the papers. Meanwhile, Spain, in an official Note, has apologised to Germany for the Madrid outrage in dignified and straightforward language, so that the whole dispute may be expected ere long to be completely and amicably settled. In Spain itself the controversy has excited a general anxiety with regard to the navy, and foreign shipbuilders have been asked to tender for fast cruisers, which the naval authorities are at present preferring to heavy iron-clads. An "outrage" is now asserted to have been committed on the British Embassy. The Diplomatic body are always exempt from rates and taxes, but the Spanish authorities have recently levied them on the British Ambassador, who refused to pay. The officials then attempted to seize some of the Embassy furniture, but were promptly ejected into the street for their pains. In political circles there is great unrest and much uneasiness, and the resignation of Señor Canovas is looked upon as certain when the Cortes reassembles. The Dynastic Liberal party will then probably be called to power, but it is unlikely that Señor Sagasta will take office.

The cholera epidemic still prevails in SPAIN, where the deaths average some 250 and the cases 700 daily. At Gibraltar, however, no case has occurred since the 24th ult. In ITALY the King's visit to Palermo, where the disease is raging terribly, has been postponed for political reasons; His Majesty instead has sent a donation of 4,000*l.* to the sufferers. While the South is suffering from cholera, the north of Italy has been devastated by heavy rains and serious floods. Lake Como has risen to a noteworthy degree, and some of the streets in the town have been inundated.

FRANCE is wholly occupied with her elections, which take place to-morrow (Sunday), and the country has been inundated throughout the week with electioneering lists and candidates' discourses. In Paris the Radicals have far too many divisions to agree upon one list of candidates, so that the Opportunist Republicans, who are far more united, will probably carry the day. The Conservatives have been making good running in the provinces, and the Republicans have been somewhat alarmed at the energy of the clergy in advocating the Monarchical cause. The Bonapartists have been comparatively quiescent, though Prince Napoleon has issued a well-worded manifesto, in which he inveighs alike against the Monarchical restoration urged by the Right and the Utopian ideas put forward by the Republicans. He is particularly bitter against the Royalists, who, he declares, have not even a chief who dares to open his mouth. "He owes to the Republic his millions and his rank. Let him remain a Lieutenant-General in the territorial army." This bitterness is mainly due to the alliance which the Monarchists have formed with the partisans of Prince Victor, regarding whom he avows, "my sorrow as a parent smothered my resentment." Of course the remedy for all the political evils of France is pronounced to be the old Bonapartist panacea—the plebiscite, by which the whole people shall elect the head of the State. Bad news comes again this week from Madagascar, where there has been some sharp fighting between the Hovas and a detachment of 1,400 French troops, which ended in the retreat of the latter "in an orderly manner." From Tonquin also comes further particulars of the massacres of Christians in the interior during this summer. About 24,000 Christians, including numerous Frenchmen, have been cruelly tortured and put to death. Of course the French are searching about for a scapegoat, and General Courcy is being blamed for his supineness.

In INDIA, the excitement caused by the proposed Franco-Burmese Treaty is on the increase, and earnest representations on the subject have been made to the Indian Government relative to the enormous concessions and monopolies therein accorded to France. The Customs' dues pledged would involve the right of searching British vessels, and the proposed bank would have the exclusive privilege for ninety-nine years of lending money on land, and of receiving deposits on interest. The Chief Commissioner of British Burmah, however, does not appear to sympathise with the most alarmist views, as he replied to a deputation of Rangoon traders that it was a fact that, whatever schemes might be afloat, British Burmah is still the only gateway to Upper Burmah and Western China. The only way for many years to come by which a railway could enter those countries must be through British territory. The most disastrous floods have prevailed in Bengal, an area of 3,500 miles being inundated. On September 22 a terrible cyclone wave swept over the Bay of Bengal, striking the coast at False Point. Nearly all the inhabitants were swept away; but the lighthouse remained intact. Three hundred persons lost their lives. Curiously enough, in Western India there has been scarcely enough rain to sow the crops, while there has been none at all in Southern India. The Joint Afghan Boundary Commission will meet at Zulikar, and thence work across to Maruchak—a task likely to last till the winter, which the British members will spend in quarters near Herat. That city is now being extensively fortified, and preparations are being made to effectually protect the new frontier from Muscovite aggression. Important autumn manoeuvres are to be carried out in the Punjab under General Sir Frederick Roberts, who will have a force of 26,000 men under his command, while contingents from several of the native States will probably take part in the operations.

In CANADA a terrible epidemic of small-pox is raging at Montreal, where there are 4,000 cases; seventy-nine persons died on Monday, and eighty-four on Tuesday. As a large portion of the population is unvaccinated, the authorities ordered compulsory vaccination. This edict created great excitement in the city, and on Monday a mob collected, marched through the streets, smashing the windows of the medical officers, tearing down the placards, wrecking the Health Office, demolishing several of the vaccination stations, and finally holding an indignation meeting. Next day the disturbances were renewed, and a mob assembled to storm the nunnery of the Gray Sisters of Providence who had been visiting, and reporting small-pox cases to the Board of Health, but the military were called out, the ringleaders arrested, and the rioters dispersed. The outcry against vaccination is being manifestly made an excuse by certain agitators to excite the French portion of the populace against the Government. Indeed, the leaders are said to be Communists recently arrived from France.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS a serious accident is reported from SWEDEN. Madame Christine Nilsson was at Stockholm, and, to oblige a crowd which had gathered before her hotel, sang a song on the balcony. The crush was so great that seventeen persons were killed.—In GERMANY the International Geological Congress is holding its sittings at Berlin.—In HOLLAND the Socialist demonstrations continue, in spite of Government prosecutions. On Monday there was a grand demonstration in Amsterdam, but as the police did not interfere there was no disturbance.—In AUSTRIA the Reichsrath has been opened, and the political wisecracks were terribly disappointed because the Emperor merely made a bare allusion to foreign affairs, his chief topic being the proposed modification in the Customs tariff. In EGYPT there is no news, save that two anti-English papers have been started. Sir Drummond Wolff is still at Constantinople, where, however, no progress appears to be made with the negotiations for the final settlement of the Egyptian question.—In the UNITED STATES the anti-Chinese feeling on the Pacific Coast is increasing. A Convention has been held, and resolutions adopted

to pursue the agitation against Chinese labour. The Chinese in the Seattle coal mines have already been discharged, and many mills are replacing Chinese with white labour.



THE weather in the Highlands has been cold and stormy, and fresh snow has fallen on all the hills round Balmoral. Nevertheless the Queen has made her usual excursions, and last week drove with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg to the Allan Quoch and Linn of Quoch, and subsequently called on Madame Albani-Gye and Mr. Gye at Old Mar Lodge. On Friday last week the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at the Castle, and Her Majesty visited Colonel and Mrs. Stanley at Birkhall. On Saturday the Queen twice drove out with the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Beatrice, while the Duke of Connaught, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse went for a deer drive. Lady Churchill and Colonel Sir Henry Ewart left the Castle, and Lady Southampton and Sir Henry Ponsonby arrived at Balmoral. The Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Hereditary Grand Duke, attended Divine Service at Crathie Parish Church on Sunday. The Rev. James MacGregor, D.D., minister of St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh, officiated. The Duchess of Albany also attended the service from Aberfeldie Castle. On Monday Her Majesty, with the Duchess of Albany, drove to New Mar Lodge to call on the Earl of Fife. The Duke of Connaught and Hereditary Grand Duke went deer stalking. In the evening Princess Frederica of Hanover, Baron Pawel Von Rammingen, Sir Frederick Roberts, and Mr. W. H. Smith dined with the Queen. June 27, 1886, when the Queen enters upon the fiftieth, or jubilee, year of her reign, is to be fitly celebrated by the Corporation of London.

The Prince of Wales, travelling *incognito* as the Earl of Chester, passed through Vienna at the end of last week, and called on the Emperor at Schönbrunn. The Prince arrived at Berzence, the estate of Count Tasilo Festetics in Hungary, on Saturday morning, and was met at the station by the Count. The first stag hunt took place on Sunday. During his visit to Hungary the Prince will attend the races held in connection with the Pesth Exhibition, and will shoot with Counts Kalnoky and Festetics. The Prince will remain in Hungary for three weeks, and will visit the Duchess of Cumberland on his way from Vienna to Paris, where he is expected to arrive on October 21st. The Princess of Wales will remain at Copenhagen until shortly before the marriage of Prince Waldemar, and will then proceed to the Castle of the Duc de Chartres at Eu. The Prince and Princess will return to Marlborough House on October 24th. While in Sweden the Prince lost his dog Bang. It has been found in Stockholm, and recognised by having its master's name on the collar. It was immediately despatched to the Prince. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left England on Saturday, in the *Calais Douvres* for Calais en route for Paris.



THE MUSICAL COLLEGES.—Our three great musical academies have all now resumed work. The development of that marvellous success, the Guildhall School of Music, is for the moment checked. The present very inadequate premises have barely accommodation for 2,500 pupils: a number which is far in excess of the combined totals of the other two training colleges. The Royal College of Music is now entering its crucial season, and the public who have subscribed to it so much money have a fair right to expect that by the end of the scholastic year a certain number of finished musicians may be launched upon the world, and thus fulfil some of the many purposes of the foundation. At the Royal Academy of Music Sir George Macfarren addressed the students on Saturday. His speech was a somewhat rambling effort, and its illustrations ranged from "Prometheus Unbound" to the positive imprints of air vibrations upon shells and "primitive plants," and to the wave motion of the atmosphere, alleged to have been discovered by Thomas Young. Sir George Macfarren was on safer ground when he urged his pupils to study and persevere, and not attempt a leap at a bound up the ladder of fame. The feeling can hardly however be repressed, that these annual addresses by so eminent a musician should either be soundly practical or tentatively theoretical; and at present they are neither. A serious problem also awaits solution by those who are annually turning out about a thousand young ladies and gentlemen to gain their livelihood by music. The market is admittedly glutted, but the output cannot be reduced. Responsibility for the training of the young does not cease when the education is finished. The usages of society, and even the voice of human nature, demand that those who have concluded their training shall fairly be launched in life; after which, of course, they must swim or sink as their talents and industry merit.

THE COMING SEASON IN THE PROVINCES.—Metropolitan newspapers have usually but little space to do more than cursorily allude to provincial performances, even indeed to those which would, did they take place in London, be considered of special interest. This neglect is of course a pity, but it is almost inevitable. Nevertheless, those whose business it is to survey the whole field of music are fully aware of the importance of the provincial season, which by the way is now commencing. It is in the provinces that our leading singers earn fully three-fourths of their income, and there our composers and performers are appreciated, and remunerated on a scale of which the metropolitan music-lover has little idea. There, during the long winter months, when outdoor amusements are almost impossible, people seem to turn almost naturally to music. It is estimated there are upwards of a thousand choral societies scattered over these isles, and the good work done in nearly two hundred cities and towns of the United Kingdom is deemed sufficiently worthy of permanent though brief record in a well-known annual publication. These rough figures bear their own tale. We have now before us a huge pile of the prospectuses and announcements of the principal serial concerts in the provinces. Most of them are of course choral concerts. Earnest amateurs are by no means satisfied to render passive assistance to the cause of music as mere auditors, and the provincial choirs afford them the readiest and most acceptable means to help actively in the work. Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Bristol, Glasgow, Birmingham, and other large centres have also during the winter months residential or travelling orchestras for many performances of the highest class of symphonic music. In other places there are local Philharmonic Societies formed by amateurs, assisted by professors. But throughout the land choirs are universal. In nearly every city, town, and hamlet in the provinces there are one or more choral societies, of more or less ample dimensions.



If the funds suffice an orchestra is engaged. If not the society is content to give as good a performance as possible with the means at disposal. In the Midlands, in Yorkshire, in Lancashire, in the West, and in Scotland, the singing of provincial choristers would rather startle some of their Metropolitan brethren, who are apt to look with good-natured contempt at that which cometh from Nazareth. This result is due, partly to the fine fresh voices to be found in such localities, but greatly to the fact that a large proportion of the provincial choristers are paid for their services, while London choirs are almost uniformly voluntary. The system of payment of choristers naturally ensures the engagement of the best material obtainable, although it adds very materially to the expenses. We can refer of course only very briefly to the announcements of the forthcoming provincial season. In Manchester Mr. Hallé is about to commence his twenty-eighth annual series of orchestral concerts, a record which runs hard even the Crystal Palace Concerts. At these performances oratorios and symphonic works are both given. The "Gentlemen's Concerts," and nearly a dozen other serial orchestral, choral, or chamber music concerts are likewise annually given in the Cotton capital. Liverpool suffers from lack of competition; for Mr. Hallé conducts both the Philharmonic and his own concerts. The Richter Concerts will be given in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. In Birmingham the Festival Choral Society announce *The Three Holy Children, Rose of Sharon, Mors et Vita, Spectre's Bride*, and other works. In Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other Scottish cities Mr. Manns will conduct a nearly three months' season of the highest class of orchestral and choral concerts. *Spectre's Bride, Rose of Sharon, Eli*, and other choral works are announced. Choral performances are likewise to be given, under other conductors, at Stirling (*Mors et Vita*), Paisley (*Sleeping Beauty*), Dundee, Inverness, and other Scottish towns. At Wolverhampton the Choral Society announce *Three Holy Children* and Cherubini's Fourth Mass. At Nottingham are announced *Mors et Vita* and *The Martyr of Antioch*; at Newcastle *Mors et Vita* and Prout's Symphony; at Brighton *Mors et Vita*, and so forth. Cambridge, Cheltenham, Cardiff, Chester, Derby, Dublin, Leeds, Leicester, Norwich, Oldham, Salisbury, and Worcester are among the provincial centres where music is assiduously cultivated, and at Christmastide there will, as usual, be hardly a town or hamlet within the three kingdoms where some sort of performance of that time-honoured classic, *Messiah*, is not attempted. In the provinces, too, chamber music is practised in a far more thorough-going manner than in the metropolis, and, as public performances are comparatively few, quartet parties meet at one another's houses. Considering that in the provinces there are over 4,000 professors of music, and about 1,500 music-shops, there must necessarily be some sort of demand for so imposing a supply.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Madame Patti will sing at the first of her provincial concerts at Birmingham next Tuesday.—Her Majesty the Queen last week visited Madame Albani and Mr. Ernest Gye at Old Mar Lodge.—Dr. von Bülow will not visit England this year. During the winter he will give orchestral concerts in Russia, and will afterwards tour with the Meiningen Court Band in Germany.—At the Albert Palace a series of choral concerts is in contemplation.—At the Promenade Concerts last Friday Mr. Desmond Ryan's "Toy Symphony" was produced, but its delicate satire of modern music was hardly appreciated by a miscellaneous audience.—On the 12th instant Mr. Sims Reeves will sing at Covent Garden, and the new prize overture will be produced.—We understand that Mr. Mackenzie will, in the course of the Novello Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall this season, revive Liszt's *Legend of St. Elizabeth*. This work was first produced here by Mr. Walter Bache, but it has since been produced on the stage in Germany.—Messrs. Brinsmead have nominated Mr. W. G. Cousins as adjudicator of the prize for a new piano concerto to be performed at their concerts. Engagements have been offered to several eminent pianists, but until those engagements have been signed it would not be wise to allude further to them.—We are informed by a fellow-pupil in Dublin of Dr. Villiers Stanford, that that clever and most promising young composer owed the development of his early genius chiefly to Mr. Michael Quarry, a pupil of Moscheles, and now a teacher of the pianoforte in Dublin.—Mr. Rockstro is the author of a new general "History of Music," from the earliest ages to the present time. The work will be published in the course of the winter.—Miss Nevada will be married in Paris on Thursday, this week, to Dr. Palmer. Signor Salvini, the tragedian, will be best man, and several operatic artists will sing at the ceremony at the Passionists' Church.—The new Club of Musicians will probably be located in Hamilton Place, Hyde Park Corner.—The recently discovered portrait of Beethoven painted by Mähler in 1815, has been admirably photographed by Ruf and Delger, of Freiburg. It is undoubtedly a genuine likeness, and it differs materially from the fanciful portraits and busts now extant of the greatest of all composers.



THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE has issued an address to the electors, begging them to vote for none but Protestant candidates. The Church of Rome is, it declares, steadily advancing, and by various concessions, such as the Maynooth Grant, the appointment of Roman Catholic Chaplains to the Army and Navy and other Government establishments, as well as the recognition of the territorial Roman Hierarchy, is gradually obtaining the position of a national establishment. This tendency is increased by the introduction of Ritualistic practices, sanctioned by the supineness of Bishops. It is necessary, therefore, that all members of the new Parliament should be pledged conscientiously to maintain their allegiance to the Protestant principles of the Constitution.

LORD HARROWBY, speaking at Stafford on Saturday on behalf of the Lichfield Church Extension Society, said that the more the work and position of the Church of England were investigated the more would its enormous value to the country be made known. He was glad that the crisis had come; but they must be careful to make known the Church's true position, for there were strange notions abroad as to the wealth of the Church. If they did this it would be found that the clergy gave far more than they received.

MR. SPURGEON, addressing a meeting of bank clerks at the Mansion House on Monday, said that it religion was not part and parcel of themselves it was good for nothing. Many people had a very neat little Bible and a very big ledger; the Bible got buried under the ledger. A man should be first a Christian, and then an Englishman, and then a Conservative or Liberal. They should not be bits of men pieced out with bank-notes.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has sent to the Archdeacons of Canterbury and Maidstone three "Prayers for the Approaching Election," with an expression of his wish that they may be used in his diocese. His Grace's visitation is to commence on Tuesday, October 20th.

THE REV. DR. REICHEL was consecrated Bishop of Meath on Tuesday last in the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick at Dublin, by

the Archbishop of Dublin, assisted by the Bishops of Down, Connor, and Dromore.

A HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICE will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral on Monday, October 19th, at 7 P.M., when the sermon will be preached by the Rev. Canon Hole.

CANON LIDDON, who is at present staying abroad, is much improved in health, and hopes to enter upon his duties as Canon in Residence at St. Paul's Cathedral in December next.



THE transfer of the HAYMARKET Theatre from the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft to those of the new management has been attended with what may seem a rather abrupt change in the policy of that house. Mr. Comyns Carr's version of the late Mr. Fergus's novelette *Dark Days* is essentially melodramatic, and certainly has not much in common with Robertsonian comedies, or such plays as *Masks and Faces*. The transition, however, is hardly so violent as might appear. Of late there has been a tendency in the Haymarket management to essay a bolder flight. *Fedora*, in which Mr. Bancroft for a time played the part of Ipanoff, is essentially a melodrama—a melodrama moreover with a lugubrious ending. M. Sardou's *Odette*, and Mr. Pinero's *Lords and Commons*, though described as comedies, were all pieces with a strong infusion of the romantic element. The matter, however, is not of much importance. *Dark Days* is an interesting play, and is certainly not the less so because it includes among its incidents a murder and a criminal trial. At all events it interested the brilliant audience of Saturday evening, among whom Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft in a stage box received a cordial recognition. Mr. Carr has made considerable changes in the story, and also in the method of setting it forth. The action in the novelette virtually commences with the return of Philippa to the house of North there to tell the tale of the treachery of Sir Mervyn Ferrand, who had entrapped her into a bigamous marriage. In the play on the contrary this situation is elaborately prepared for; and North appears from the first as the active champion of Philippa even to the extent of violent scenes of recrimination with the cynical and heartless baronet before the final separation. In the murder scene, which, both in novel and play, provide the culminating point of the melodramatic element, it is found necessary to take the audience into the playwright's confidence; so that the innocence of Philippa of all part in the assassination of the man at whose hands she has suffered such cruel wrong is at no time doubtful. It is otherwise, of course, with North, who, till the solution arrives, never doubts that Philippa has in her insane frenzy committed the fatal act which, under her strange mental condition, has faded from her memory. The final scene is the Court of Justice, where the sudden apparition of Philippa so terrifies the guilty Evans that he stammers out a confession of his crime—a bold, and it must be confessed a somewhat perilous, variation upon the trial scene in the original. The Haymarket company is well-chosen for the interpretation of plays of this complexion. Miss Lingard is a handsome and a sympathetic representative of romantic heroines, and though she is hardly seen at her best in the part of Philippa, she undoubtedly interested her audience. North loses something of the central position which he enjoys in the autobiographical story, and, what is worse, he suffers some loss of dignity in the play from his abortive wranglings and threatenings in his frequent interviews with Ferrand. There is decided power, albeit of a necessarily repulsive kind, in Mr. Pateman's impersonation of the sporting bully and extortioner Evans; and Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Sir Mervyn is a highly-finished portrait of smooth, cold-blooded cynicism, though the sketch would have been more impressive if the author had not given him so much to say which serves rather to illustrate his character than to further the action of the story. Of Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. Charles Sugden, and Miss Forsyth it must suffice to say that by their acting in the less conspicuous characters assigned to them they contribute materially to the success of the piece. We must not omit to note the care with which the play is put upon the stage by the aid of the artistic talents and experience of Messrs. Walter Johnstone, Telbin, and Perkins.

Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mrs. John Wood, and Miss Marion Terry having returned from their brief holiday, Mr. Pinero's amusing comedy, *The Magistrate*, at the COURT Theatre, is now once more played by the original cast, including Mr. John Clayton.

THE COMEDY Theatre is to reopen during the present month with a new comic opera, entitled *Erminie*.

Miss Ada Cavendish has this week made her reappearance on the stage for the first time since her recent marriage with Mr. Frank Marshall. She has been playing her original part in *The New Magdalen* at the GRAND Theatre, Islington.

The winter season at the OLYMPIC will begin on the 17th inst. with a new drama written by Robert Buchanan and Miss Harriett Jay, entitled *Alone in London*.

Messrs. S. and A. Crauford announce their benefit at the BRITANNIA Theatre next Wednesday (7th inst.), and have issued a very attractive programme. Mrs. S. Lane and Blondin will appear.

Mr. Hollingshead will resume the management of the GAIETY at Christmas, when Miss E. Farren will reappear in a new burlesque extravaganza by Messrs. Pottinger Stephens and W. Yardley.

A professional *matinée*, or in other words a morning performance for the special convenience of the dramatic profession, was given at the GAIETY on Wednesday, when *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *Lord Dundreary's Brother Sam* were given before a large audience.

Opera glasses—or rather the use of opera glasses—*gratis* is the latest innovation in our theatres. The introducers of this liberal arrangement are Messrs. Russell and Bashford, the new lessees of the HAYMARKET. It is confined, however, to visitors to stalls and balcony. The system of strict abolition of fees is, we need hardly say, maintained. It is surprising that it should still hold its ground in some other houses, whose managers are unable apparently to read the signs of the times.

Miss Mary Anderson has sailed for America, well pleased, we believe, with the success of her Stratford-on-Avon performances. She was accompanied by Mr. Abbey, the well-known manager, and other friends.

We believe we are correct in stating that Mr. T. W. Robertson has in hand a play, by his late father, the author of *Caste* and *Society*, which will probably be produced in the country with the title of *Birth*.

Among theatrical events, promised for the ensuing season, is the appearance of a Parsee troupe well-known in Bombay. They will play in their native tongue pieces illustrative of Indian life and manners; but we believe that there more than one version of a play of Shakespeare forms part of their repertory.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment will re-open for the autumn season on Monday evening, October 5, with *A Pretty Request*, by T. Malcolm Watson, music by Hamilton Clarke; Mr. Corney Grain's latest musical sketch, *Eton v. Harrow*; and Mr. Herbert Gardner's comedietta, *A Night in Wales*.



OLD MICHAELMAS DAY is close at hand, and we are in October. More than any other festival, Michaelmas Day continues to follow the old style both as regards its observance in the country and the commencement and termination of farm tenancies. The farm-wife now bestows on the geese of the common an amount of attention, combined with an addition of nitrogenous diet, which the birds' proverbial character alone prevents them from regarding as most suspicious. The ponds on the same common where the geese disport themselves are the bathing places of many water wagtails, and the swallows and martins may still be seen skimming the surface, though where the tall telegraph poles stretch mile beyond mile along the highway, numerous congregations of these birds may be seen sitting on the wires busy holding conclave before their autumnal flight. The woods are not yet "golden," but the earlier trees are beginning to show a certain change of colour. The swift left us quite a month ago, and the sand martin about a fortnight later. The swallow will probably see very few October days, even on our southern coasts, and before November fogs are enshrouding us the lingering house-martins will have joined their friends in palmy Morocco and sunny Algiers. The turtle dove has found the autumn loveless, and departed, so too have the red-backed shrike, the sedge and reed warblers, and the wood wren. The hedge-grows have long since been shabby with summer dust, and though the washing rains of the past fortnight have freshened up the meadows and put new and lovely green into the grass, the bushes and shrubs are past revival this year. The field gentian, whose harmless bitter preceded hops in English taste, is still blooming, so too is the pheasant's-eye, with its bright red corolla and dark centre. The spotted Persicaria is in bloom, and the old religious legend which accounts for the spots at least shows it to have been known and noticed in pre-Reformation times. The ragwort is well in blossom, and is welcome yet, although the old belief in its efficacy in curing staggers in horses has died out, even in districts where dried toads are worn by men as well as by old women as a specific against rheumatism. The mint is an autumn blooming plant, and thyme still scents the roadway along sheltered lanes. The hedge mustard brightens up the roadside more than the sober-tinted thyme, but it has no penetrating pleasantness of scent. The magic Avenas, "the herb benet," now too shows a yellow flower, and in the meadows may at a first glance be mistaken for a buttercup.

**SHOW PRIZES FOR LIVE STOCK.**—It has been suggested that the great agricultural societies might augment the interest taken in their annual shows of breeding stock by extending the competitions for families or other groups of animals. Winning a prize with a single dam or sire is meritorious, but a higher business value attaches to the winning of an honour with a group of four or more animals. Thus at Leominster recently, out of eleven classes of Herefords, only one was for individual specimens, namely, the yearling bulls. There was a class for the best bull in the four of his offspring calved since last year; there were five classes for the best quartette of heifers and steers of different ages; two classes for quartettes of animals whose exhibitors had taken no leading premiums at other shows; one class for the best four breeding cows; and a class for the best ten yearlings. The last class should in our opinion have very good prizes awarded, so as to be encouraged to the utmost. On the other hand we see no sound reason for maintaining the quaint sort of consolation prize given to quartettes unexhibited or unsuccessful elsewhere. The consolation race at athletic sports is always regarded as a good joke rather than anything else. It partakes most largely of the more or less hilarious and festive character of the whole proceedings. But Agricultural Shows are seldom festive unless there be a dinner in the evening; and they are never hilarious. The exhibitors are in very grim earnest, which all the competitors at sports are not, and the consolation prize at Agricultural Shows had perhaps better therefore be dropped. We wish the entrance charges for competing animals could be reduced to a nominal amount; that they much discourage entries whenever at all heavy is a general experience of Show secretaries in all parts of the kingdom.

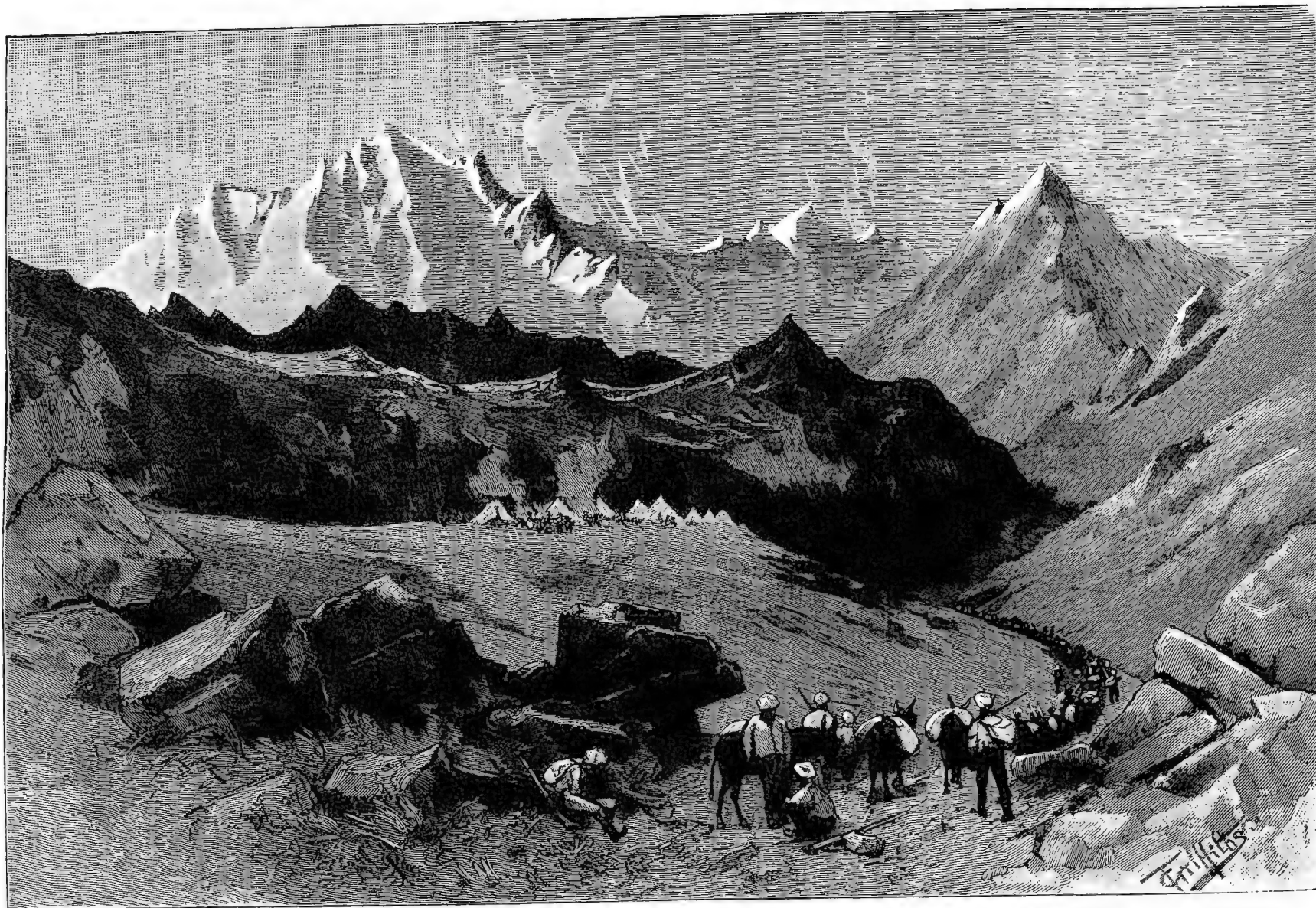
**GRAZIERS AND MILK FARMERS.**—To these two classes of agriculturists a hopeful regard may be said to be turned by many who believe neither in the final profitability of arable farming nor in the advantage of "petty" farming, such as the growing of vegetables, the rearing of poultry, or the cultivation of bush fruit. It is therefore all the more disheartening when we find a leading authority on the grazing and dairying industries saying, "I contend that no farmer who sends the whole of his milk at ninepence per gallon direct from the shippon can profitably rear calves for his stock, and that it will pay him far better to buy yearlings and run them on." This means for the poor farmer that he can seldom profitably have a dairy and go in for breeding at the same time.

THE REARING OF STOCK can usually be carried on with any chance of profit by those, and by those only, who make a considerable quantity of cheese and butter. Besides this, farmers as a rule do not consider or study the economical and profitable system of feeding store milk or feeding stock. The great principle is to keep them all improving in condition from the time they are calves to the time they are slaughtered. Over-feeding is as much to be deprecated as the reverse, and perhaps on the whole it is the more common error of the two. Most animals will eat more than their systems can utilise. To ascertain what is the smallest amount of food that will produce the largest weight of beef and mutton, suppose a farmer is feeding twenty beasts and gave them 13lb. cake and corn mixed per day, and their systems can only utilise 9lb., there is an actual waste of 420lb. of corn per week, which is a serious matter in the farmer's accounts.

POULTRY are now looking rather shabby, and the supply of eggs is very small, so that breeders are apt to feel discouraged, and to stint their birds in their food. The wise fancier, however, will pursue quite different tactics, and by a generous diet will assist his birds to get speedily well through their moulting. The fowl-run should be kept clean, and where fowls are kept in a space at all confined the feathers should be got together as they fall from the birds. As they rot they smell very badly, and septic matter is formed which may injure the birds in many ways. The moulting time, coincident as it is with autumn and with the approach of winter, should be made the occasion for whitewashing the fowl-house within, and tarring it—Stockholm tar is the best—without. The perches, nests, and wirework should be attended to at the same time. Cracks should be patched up. Ventilation of course there must be, and plenty of it, but it should be regularly provided for, and not be left for chance crevices to supply. In fact, so far as cracks and crevices go, the fowl-house should be caulked and mended as thoroughly as a boat, and should no more let in air than the latter should let in water. Up holes, through crevices, and along cracks, come all sorts of enemies of the poultry fancier, from the cat, fox, and weasel, down to the tiniest insect pests and vermin.

EGGS where now obtained are usually laid by the early pullets of February, March, and April birth. They can only be depended upon where there are pullets, and the careful fancier will never



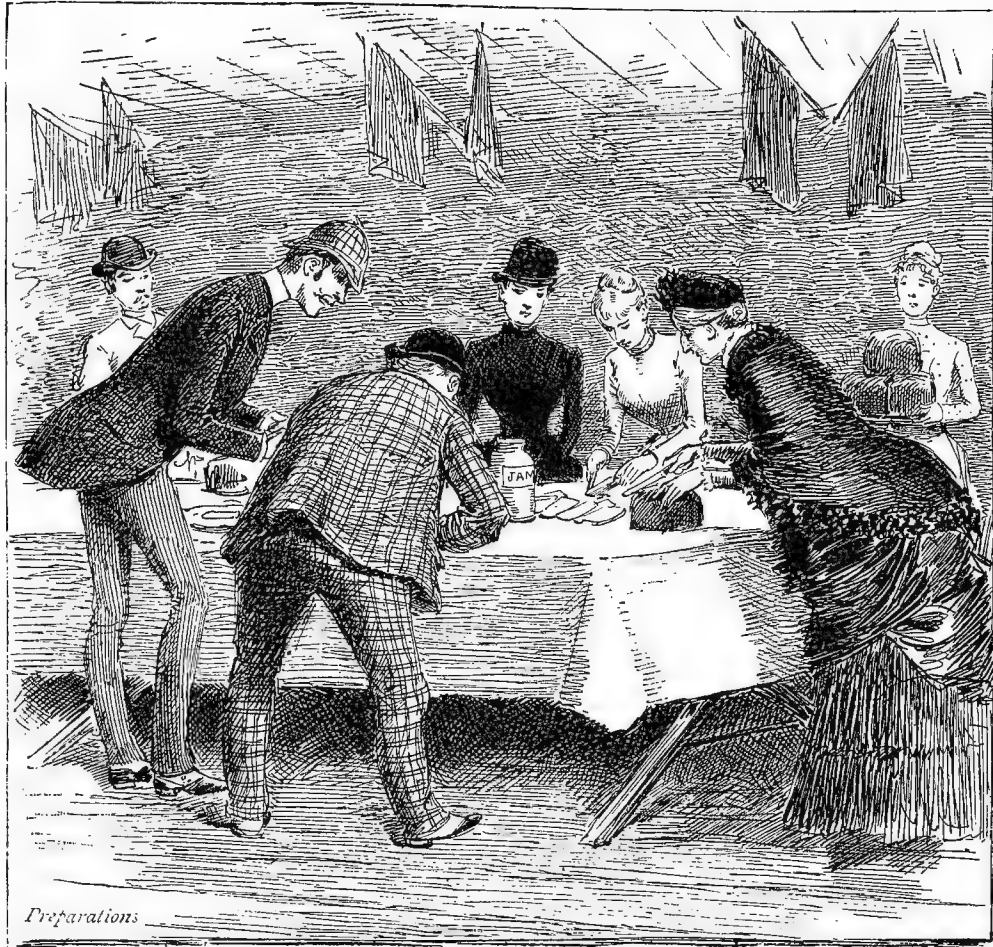


THE PASS OF KAMRI, HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS, INDIA, BETWEEN KASHMIR AND THE INDUS

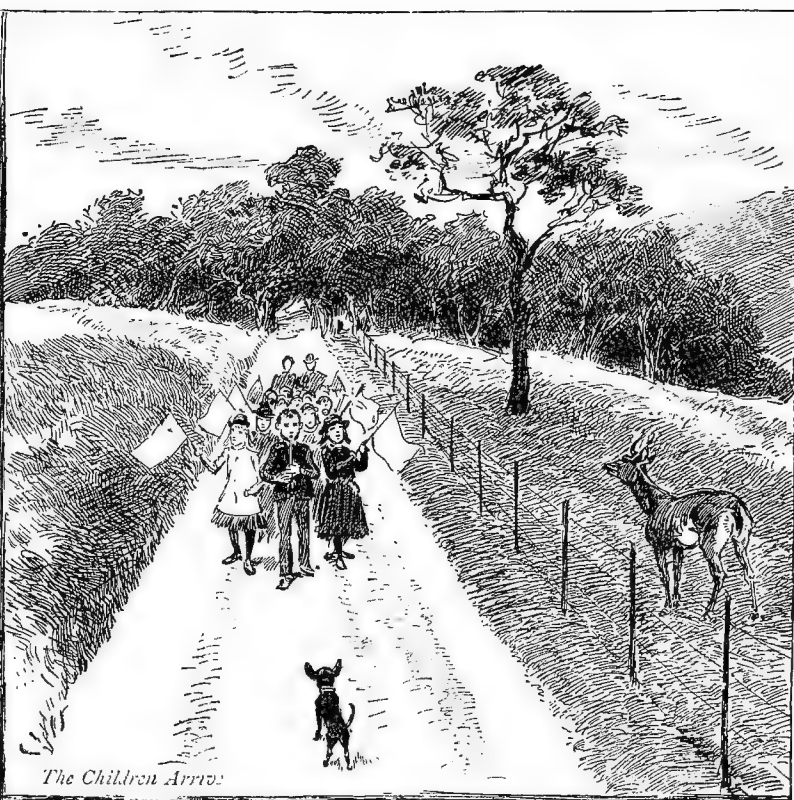


NO. 4 DETACHMENT OF THE THIRD MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS, THE WINNERS OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT THE RECENT ARTILLERY MEETING AT SHOEBOURNESS





Preparations



The Children Arrive



The Girls are Amused



And so are the boys



The Most Important Part of the Proceedings



- Delight to Say "No" -



A Reel



let October find him without some well-matured specimens of the Brahmas, Cochins, or Plymouth Rocks. A good warm meal early in the morning, with a sprinkling of cayenne pepper or of spice condiment, is a great help just now. When the weather is mild, to sprinkle malt-dust over the other food is a good substitute for the spice and cayenne.



MR. SAUNDERS, the presiding magistrate at the Thames Police Court, made a statement on Monday with reference to the Socialist case. He said that certain persons were brought before him about a month ago for obstructing the highway, and that he ordered them to enter into their own recognisances to keep the peace. The next Monday, however, persons were brought before him on a similar charge, and were fined 20s. each. Upon the offence being repeated again, he had fined them more severely, but not up to the full legal amount. It might be that Parliament would make it legal to hold meetings on the public highway, but such was not the case at present, and if similar circumstances occurred again he should be compelled to act in the same way.—John Williams, who was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, is to be released from Holloway on Tuesday next. It is said that he intends to start as a Socialist Parliamentary candidate for one of the East-end divisions.

MR. ALDERMAN WATERLOW tried a curious case on Tuesday at the Guildhall. A gentleman named Greene was summoned for riding with a third-class ticket in a first-class carriage on the Midland Railway. It appeared that Mr. Greene had been a season-ticket holder for five years, and as he did not mean to renew his "season" had taken a third-class single ticket. The train being very full, he had travelled in a first-class carriage. The curious part of the case was that, without remembering it, Mr. Greene had renewed his first-class season-ticket, and it was triumphantly produced by Mr. Poland, who appeared for the defence. Mr. Alderman Waterlow dismissed the summons.

THE ARMSTRONG CASE advanced another stage on Saturday, when all the defendants were committed for trial upon the various counts, with the exception of the charges of assault against Mrs. Combe and Mr. Bramwell Booth. Mr. Stead attempted to read a long written defence, with the object of proving his motives to have been good, and alleging that the course he had taken was the only one calculated to procure the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, but Mr. Vaughan ruled the major portion of it out of order at that stage of the proceedings.

ON TUESDAY a bricklayer named George Moulsey, who was imprisoned at Coldbath Fields Prison, made a daring attempt to escape. He was engaged at some repairs on the south side of the prison, and, finding that he was not being watched, he placed a long scaffold pole against the outer wall, climbed up, and dropped into the street below, cutting his face badly. On seeing him get up and run away the bystanders gave chase, and he was captured by a police constable, and taken before the Governor of the prison, charged with breaking out of it.

#### SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE sudden blazing forth of a new star in the great nebula in Andromeda may be regarded as one of the most important astronomical events of the century. To some observers it appeared as if the new star were behind the star-cloud; others believed that it was far in front of the nebula, and was therefore only optically projected upon it. These views have, however, been set at rest by spectroscopic examination, which shows that the star and the nebula give identical spectra, thereby proving that the one is physically associated with the other. In other words the star is in the midst of the nebula.

Dr. Liman, of Berlin, has recently made some interesting observations on the effects of lightning exhibited in the bodies of two men who were struck down while taking shelter from a storm beneath trees. The hair was singed, and the skin in many places discoloured. On one of the bodies was seen one of those peculiar figures which have often been described as impressions of branches, twigs, &c., and which have given rise to the fiction that the body of a person struck by lightning will sometimes bear a kind of photographic picture of the trees, &c., near him. In this case the figure resembled a palm leaf, but it was traced to the contact of the folds of the shirt, such parts as were under pressure remaining white, the rest being discoloured brown. In the case of both men some of the internal organs were ruptured.

The most gigantic explosion which has ever taken place will shortly be witnessed in America in the blowing up of Flood Rock, preparations for which have been in progress for the past ten years. The last explosion of this kind took place in 1875, when the obstructing rocks at Hell Gate were successfully mined and destroyed. On that occasion many nervous persons fled from New York, under the impression that the city was doomed to destruction. But a rumbling noise as of distant thunder, and the uprush of a quantity of black mud, were the only signs that the subaqueous mines had done their work. On that occasion the explosives weighed about 50,000 lbs. About five times that quantity will be used for the destruction of Flood Rock, which is to take place some time in October. For this operation there will be used 225,000 lbs. of powder and 75,000 lbs. of dynamite. The rock has been excavated at a depth of about sixty feet below water level, so as to form a huge chamber ten feet high, supported at frequent intervals by massive pillars of rock. The area so covered measures nine acres. In the columns and roof of this chamber have been drilled more than 13,000 holes, three inches in diameter, and having an average depth of nine feet. These are for the reception of cartridges, which will be fired simultaneously by electricity. The works will be flooded shortly before the explosion takes place, and the debris will be removed by dredging.

The removal of Diamond Reef, at the entrance of New York Harbour, is also in progress, but by quite another method. This obstruction consists of indurated clay and huge boulders, which will not yield to ordinary methods of dredging. It is therefore treated with powerful streams of water forced against the mass, by which means the clay and earth are forced into suspension, leaving the boulders free. These are afterwards easily picked up by grappling irons.

A prize of 100*l.* is offered by Mr. Ellis Lever "for the invention or discovery of a new method or composition for treating canvas or other material used as brattice cloth and air-tubing in mines, which shall, at a moderate cost, render such material air, damp, and fire-proof, and superior to that at present in use." It may be remembered by our readers that the same gentleman offered a prize of 500*l.* two years ago for a safety lamp for the use of miners. Unfortunately none of the lamps sent in for competition met the conditions required. We trust that the brattice cloth competition may end in a more satisfactory manner.

The electric safety lamp brought under the notice of the British Association at Aberdeen by Mr. J. W. Swan is the first attempt we believe to employ a self-contained electric light for such a

purpose. At more than one colliery systems of electric lighting have been tried with encouraging success, but they are all dependent upon wires laid along the workings, and fed by an external dynamo machine. In Mr. Swan's lamp the electric energy is furnished by a battery attached to the lamp. The light is protected by a thick glass bull's eye, and is economised by a silvered reflector behind the lamp. The weight of the lamp is 6½ lbs. It is claimed for it that it will furnish a good light, and that it is absolutely safe under all conditions. Its cost is not quoted, but it is obvious that such a piece of apparatus must be far more expensive than the comparatively rough gauze lamp which it is designed to supersede. We trust that some of these lamps will soon be submitted to the test of actual use in a mine, and that the men who use them will be inclined to express their opinion as to their value.

An interesting memorial of William Harvey will be represented by the facsimile reproduction of the MS. of his lectures delivered in 1616 and the following years, before the Royal College of Physicians. The MS. was discovered only a few years ago at the British Museum.

The *Lancet*, in an article on tobacco smoking, points out that tobacco, if moderately and wisely employed, is a valuable sedative to the nerves, and has a specially soothing influence in the majority of instances. There are, however, some properties of tobacco smoke which ought, it thinks, to be generally understood. It is, for instance, unquestionably in some way a special sedative to the heart's action. It is stated that a considerable proportion of the boys medically examined for the United States Navy are rejected on the score of "weakness of the heart," and that this weakness is attributed to the habit of smoking cigarettes.

Mr. Muybridge, of California, whose photograph of the movements of a trotting horse has made his name well known, is now endeavouring to obtain similar photographs showing the movements of various other animals. He is at work at the Zoological Gardens of Philadelphia, where he finds plenty of subjects for his skill. He employs a battery of thirty-six cameras, the lens of each being opened by an instantaneous shutter controlled by electricity. These cameras are so arranged as to position that each movement is photographed simultaneously from three different points of view. Provision is also made for recording the time which any movement—the flapping of a bird's wing for instance—will occupy. This is achieved by means of a special form of background covered with crossed threads, forming squares upon it of known dimensions. It is said that a movement occupying no more time than the one-five-thousandth part of a second can be photographed.

T. C. H.

#### A NIGHTINGALE'S NEST

WHEN Adelina Patti, the Queen of Song, is making her triumphal progress from town to town, instead of in the midst of gay throngs, it is difficult to picture her in a quiet country home far away among the Welsh mountains, and out of the reach of fame and fashion.

And yet no one can enjoy rest and a peaceful existence more than the great singer, and she is perhaps never so happy as when at home at Craig-y-Nos Castle, entertaining her intimate friends, and ministering to the wants of the poor in all the country round.

Long as is the journey from London down to South Wales, when once the goal is reached every remembrance of its wearisomeness passes away in delight at the unusual beauty of the scene around. Lovely as any spot in the kingdom is the valley in which the Castle is situated. On every side the green sunlit mountains rise precipitous. These, in the early autumn, when I was fortunate enough to make acquaintance with Craig-y-Nos, were capped with the first light snows of the year, and veiled in mist. When the mists had lifted from their stately tops the view was exceedingly beautiful, and the valley below, with its rivers brimful of trout, its fern-festooned lanes, and ever-green meads, a perfect vision of dewy freshness. Summer had all but waned, and the most brilliant tints had already begun to glow on the woodland, flaming here in the golden creepers covering the Castle walls, and there in the copper-coloured beeches and crimson hawthorn. Although autumn flowers were beginning to lift their gay heads in the Diva's garden there was a balmy warmth in the air, and whilst silence and loveliness reigned around, the cushat's love note above, and the splash of waters below, made happy music from sunrise to sundown.

Tall and stately as is the house itself, its sombreness is relieved by a gaily flying flag, and a golden lyre painted in *bas-relief* on the front of the house. Within, all that heart of artist can desire has been carried out, and nothing more delightful than the combined taste and comfort can be imagined. The drawing-room is a vision of blue and silver brocade, Oriental hangings, pictures, and costly *objets d'art* presented to the Diva during the course of a long and interesting career. Foremost is a splendid goblet from her admirers at San Francisco, and then there is a silver casket from her *confidants* at the Vienna Opera House, and such dainty conceits as birds of solid gold set with precious stones, a tiny piano studded with emeralds and rubies, exquisitely devised frames, delicate china, painted fans, and pretty souvenirs too many to record, strewn every table and the shelves of every cabinet in the room. Two grand pianos, one of Steinway and one of Erard, are also here.

The boudoir is charmingly furnished, and hung with sketches done by the Diva herself, her talent for painting being in no way second to her musical powers. The landscapes are executed in water-colours with much delicacy and transparency of tone, and with the infinite pains she brings to bear on all her work.

A cabinet in this room is set apart for the photographs of every crowned head in Europe, as well as of eminent artists and musicians. Here is a picture of the Emperor of Germany, with a superscription; there a portrait of the reigning Empress of Russia, with her charming sister; also with a few kind words written on a scroll below. A larger frame contains the likeness of the King and Queen of Spain with their child, and, which Madame Patti values more than all, a most gracefully-written letter from the Duke of Albany, with photograph taken just before his sudden death last year, and thanking her gratefully for one of herself which he had craved.

Albums containing autographs and pictures of her fellow artists, with whom the genial Diva is very popular, are everywhere scattered about, and even more interesting are her mementos from all the celebrated composers of the time. Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Bellini, Verdi, Gounod, even Berlioz, the severe and caustic, have all paid homage to the "bright particular star" of the time, and many are the *spiritual* and charming letters written by the Swan of Pesaro to his "Pattina," and the lines of congratulation sent to her by Meyerbeer, after seeing her perform in his operas. Verdi, I remember, when asked whom he considered the first singer of the day, wrote: "La première, Patti; la seconde, Patti; la toute, Patti," and on another occasion, after hearing her for the first time in "Rigoletto," sent her a card bearing the words, "A mia unica e vera Gilda."

The hall at Craig-y-Nos is furnished as comfortably as any of the rooms, and contains a fine picture of Madame Patti as Desdemona by Richter, the great Viennese artist, and another by Winterhalter, which is more life-like, and full of charming expression. The billiard-room also is hung with paintings by eminent artists, and has an orchestra brought over from Geneva, which plays every conceivable air—from Wagner's sombre strains to the flimsiest of Offenbach's waltzes.

From the winter gardens, conservatories, and the glass dining-hall, hung with hundreds of climbing creepers, among which electric lights gleam like stars, whilst peeping through the greenery the stars above can be seen brightly shining, one can pass into the park-like grounds. The terraces are planted with clumps of trees and beds of flowers, and through the lawns a merry trout-stream gurgles its way into the waters of the lake below, on whose bosom an idle pleasure-boat rocks gently to and fro.

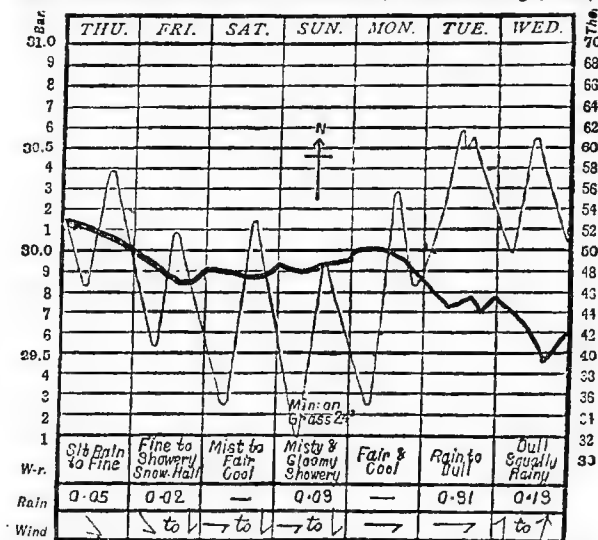
Life at Craig-y-Nos flows very easily. Madame Patti spends her morning in reading, writing, and painting; but does not appear to her guests until twelve o'clock, when *déjeuner à la fourchette* is served. Very often the walls of the Castle ring with the sound of her high, clear tones when practising her scales and exercises, or warbling through the airs, now gay, now sad, of all her favourite operas. Adhering to no particular school, her appreciation of Wagner's music is as keen as for the lighter works of modern Italian composers, and although she seldom sings in oratorio in public, it is for no want of reverence for this branch of her art. No one, having once heard, could easily forget the elevation of tone and sentiment with which she gives the "Hear ye, Israel!" from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

Adelina Patti's mountain-home reminds one of Fairyland, and she herself is the bright fairy of the place. When she takes her walks and drives abroad, the old cottagers totter from their cottage-doors for a kindly word and smile, and the little children, too, know well they have a generous friend in the "Lady from the Castle." With the world Patti is "Queen of Song," but among her friends and the simple country people around Craig-y-Nos she is indeed "Queen of Hearts."

C. B.

#### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been unsettled, and (at one time) abnormally cold in nearly all parts of the country. Pressure during the first part of the week was highest in the West, lowest over Scandinavia, with fair weather in most places, and Northerly winds and decreasing temperature generally. In the course of Friday afternoon squalls of hail and cold rain occurred generally, while in the South of England thunder and lightning were experienced, and in London a little snow fell. After Sunday pressure gave way generally, rapidly over our North-Western coasts, and general depressions approached our Western and Northern shores from the Atlantic during this latter portion of the week. Southerly and South-Westerly winds prevailed in nearly all places, and blew with the force of a gale at many of the Irish and Scotch stations, with rain and increasing temperature over the whole of the United Kingdom. Rainfall has been above the average over Scotland, Ireland, and the South-West of England, but has not differed much elsewhere. Temperature has been considerably below the mean in all places. The maximum thermometer failed to reach 60° at any of our stations for two or three days, and was frequently below 55°, while the minimum fell slightly below the freezing point in nearly all parts of the country on one or two days. The thermometer on the grass, indeed, showed quite severe frosts over Central and South-Eastern England.

The barometer was highest (30.14 inches) on Thursday (24th ult.); lowest (29.47 inches) on Wednesday (30th ult.); range 0.67 inches.

The temperature was highest (62°) on Tuesday (29th ult.); lowest (32°) on Sunday (27th ult.); range 30°.

Rain fell on five days. Total amount 0.54 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.91 inch on Tuesday (29th ult.).

NEW MAPS, &c.—Mr. Edward Stanford, of Charing Cross, has forwarded a large "Parliamentary Map of the British Isles," showing the counties, the divisions of counties, and the boroughs according to the Redistribution of Seats Act, 1885. This map, which is of especial value and interest at the present time, has been carefully reduced from the Ordnance Survey, the outline of the coasts, rivers, and railways, and the names of counties, towns, and villages being all inserted. The new county sub-divisions are most clearly delineated in separate tints, a thin line indicating new boundaries, a thick line the unchanged portions of a county. Plans of the chief boroughs of the United Kingdom are also given.—A carefully-compiled "Sheet of Maps to Illustrate the Caroline Islands Dispute between Germany and Spain" have also been sent us by Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh. In addition to a chart of the Caroline Islands, and an enlarged plan of Yap, there is a map giving the Spanish and German possessions in the Pacific Ocean, and a fourth showing the relative position of the Caroline Islands to Spain and Germany.

CHELLENHAM.—"Cuthbert Bede" sends us the following: "The writer of the interesting article 'Some Literary Notes on Cheltenham' (September 26, p. 362) has forgotten Lord Byron, who, writing on his 'Love of Mountainous Countries,' and his boyish sojourn in the Scottish Highlands, says, 'I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards, in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon, at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe. This was boyish enough; but I was then only thirteen years of age, and it was in the holidays.' This note of Byron's will be found in Canto II., xii., of 'The Island.' I have a copy of a curious book, supposed to have been written by King George III., 'Royal Recollections on a Tour to Cheltenham, Gloucester, Worcester, and places adjacent, in the year 1788.' My copy is 'The Eleventh Edition,' and bears date 1788, so that it must have had a very rapid sale (London: Printed for James Ridgway, No. 1, York Street, St. James's Square). The date of the Royal visit to Cheltenham begins with July 12, and ends with August 16, 1788; and the supposed Royal drinking of the Cheltenham waters, and the effect thereof, is described more freely than delicately, especially on pages 28, 29. Concerning these same waters, there is said to be an epitaph to the following effect:—

Here lies I and my three daughters,  
Killed by a drinking of the Cheltenham waters;  
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,  
We'd not been a lying in these here vaults."



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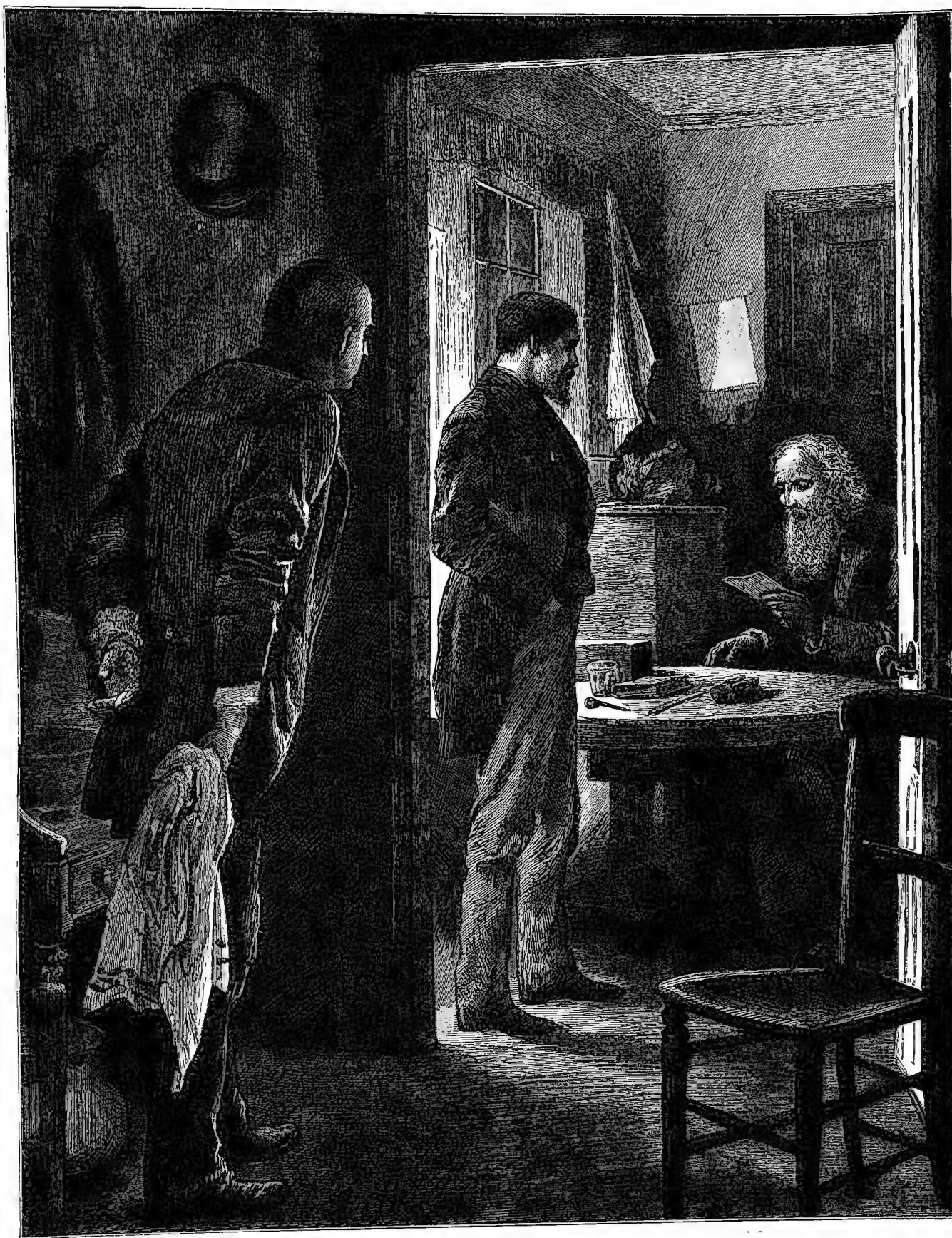
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DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"Dobroski seemed altogether undisturbed and natural—the unconscious old man seemed to the spy's keen gaze to be overdoing his unconsciousness."

## FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

*Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.*

### CHAPTER XIX.

FOR a moment Frost felt hollow, and had some ado to stand upright. He held the handle of the door in one hand, and with the other propped himself against the wall.

"Zeno?" he contrived to say, in a voice which he knew to be much unlike his own. "Ah! The spy."

He expected some sort of instant condemnation, for to his startled mind the statement that Zeno was there meant that Zeno was actually within the house, and was of itself a proclamation of the discovery of treason. He had time enough to be shot, stabbed, poisoned, abducted, and tried for treason, in his own swift-darting, frightened fancy, before Dobroski spoke again.

"Yes," said Dobroski, "he is here. It is well that everybody should be warned of him."

"Of course," returned Frost, trembling in his limbs, and speaking with a shake in his voice. "He seems to be a dangerous sort of fellow."

The shock of belief that Dobroski did not know was almost as severe as the shock of fear had been.

"Have you a light?" asked the old conspirator.

"I have some wax matches," said Frost, still quaking. "I can light you up."

He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket with uncertain fingers, and having found the box of vestas, opened it, and spilled half its

contents on the floor. He fell upon his knees and groped about for the fallen matches, while Dobroski waited patiently in the dark. The traitor pulled himself together, and in the course of half a minute dared to strike a light.

"I startled you," said the old man, looking down at his white face.

"Yes," returned Frost, tapping with the fingers of his left hand upon his breast. "I'm afraid there's something going wrong here. The heart, you know. Anything sets it going."

He arose slowly to his feet, and Dobroski mounted the narrow staircase before him. Frost's trembling fingers had to strike one or two vestas before the journey was finished, and he mounted as unwillingly as if he had been going to the gallows. He was so perturbed that he could not for the life of him remember the new name by which Zeno desired to be known. He dreaded lest Dobroski should ask him, and he wondered vainly what he should do when his chamber should be reached and an introduction would become necessary.

Dobroski mounted the staircase in silence, and entered Frost's room in obedience to a wave of the hand from the regular occupant. Frost followed in time to see Zeno turn in his arm-chair and look at the new-comer with a casual air, which was so excellently assumed that it even calmed his own nerves a little. The casual glance was succeeded by a start of surprise, and Zeno arose slowly and as if unconsciously from his seat.

"This," said Frost, who knew not what to make of Zeno's airs,

and was newly frightened by them; "this is Mr. Dobroski." He was vainly casting about in his mind for Zeno's alias, when Zeno himself relieved him.

"I knew it," cried the spy in English, and then with a sudden orward rush he threw himself at Dobroski's feet, and, seizing one of his ankles in both hands, kissed his boot again and again, with wild gurgling ejaculations which meant nothing to Frost's ears, but stood in Polish for "Angel! Preserver! Patriot! Father!" and a variety of expressions of worship and affection. Dobroski tried to withdraw his foot from this unexpected worshipper's grasp, but Zeno held on tightly, and the old man submitted after a while, but looked round on Frost with a questioning air which set that traitorous personage at his wits' end.

"Come," said Frost, stooping to seize Zeno as the best way of hiding his own embarrassment. "Don't you think you've done about enough of that? It's no luxury for Mr. Dobroski to have you licking his boots like a dog."

Zeno went on kissing and gurgling for a second or two, and then allowed Frost to drag him to his feet. The old man had walked by muddy ways, and his worshipper's countenance bore signs of contact with the boot. To Frost's utter amazement, tears were coursing down the spy's fat white cheeks.

"Great Scott!" said the Irish-American, half in bewilderment and half in fear, as he shook Zeno by the shoulders, "what's the matter with the man?"



"What is the matter?" demanded Zeno, turning upon him with smeared and tearful face and tragic gesture. "Behold the preserver of my life, my father's preserver, my mother's, the preserver of my sister's virtue; the patriot, the chief, the idol, the god of my unhappy country."

With this he fell into a chair near the table, and, dropping both arms across the table and his head upon his arms, gave himself up convulsively sobbing.

"I do not recall your friend," said Dobroski, looking towards Frost.

"No," cried Zeno, raising his head, to his fellow-scoundrel's intense relief. "I am of Warsaw. My name is Vroblewskoff. Marco. It is thirty years ago. I was but a lad."

He spoke in Polish, and Dobroski's look of inquiry gave way to one of pleasure and welcome.

"I remember," he said, "I remember." He stretched out a hand to Zeno, and the rascal took it and kissed it.

"My mother blessed you with her dying breath," he said. "My father died in exile, blessing you. My sister's children cherish your memory, and pray for you nightly."

The bewildered Frost asked himself repeatedly whether the thing were true or false, and had to recall—forcibly as it were—the fact that Zeno had known Dobroski for weeks upon the Continent before he could be certain that the spy had not suddenly encountered a genuine benefactor, and did not nurse a genuine passion of gratitude for him. For though Frost was one of the last people in the world to believe in the existence of gratitude, Zeno's acting was so powerful that it carried him off his mental footing, and for the moment he was compelled to think him real, as he had been compelled to think fine actors real on the stage.

Dobroski released himself from the spy's grasp and walked to the window, where he pulled aside the yellowish fly-spotted blind, and looked out on the rainy night. Then Zeno, turning upon Frost, began in English a story of the utmost circumstance, which he related with so natural an emotion and so complete an air of veracity that it was hard to disbelieve him, though the listener was certain he was lying. Once or twice, at the mention of a name, Dobroski turned and asked after the history of its owner. Sometimes the moved narrator knew, sometimes he was ignorant, but beyond a doubt the story appealed in all its details to Dobroski's memory. Zeno was certainly lying, but he was only lying in making himself pass for somebody else with whose history and surroundings he was very intimately acquainted. But what with his own agitation, his friend's change of aspect and pretended change of sentiment, Frost felt the situation unreal, and like a dream. He had been used to think well of himself as a pretender—he had been a liar in the way of business from the beginning of his manhood—but Zeno was so incredibly in front of him that he could scarcely think of himself as being in the same walk of life.

The old man was most kindly interested in Marco Vroblewskoff, and when that grateful personage had subdued himself a little, he questioned him about his life with an almost fatherly air. Marco had lived in London in his boyhood, so it seemed, and had worked as a baker's assistant. Then he had gone out to the United States, and had worked with an Italian pastrycook at New York, becoming a cunning confectioner.

"Why, how many years have you spent in New York altogether?" asked Frost, warningly.

The reminiscent Marco quitted New York and returned to Europe with his employer, who set up in Milan. There he died, bitterly regretted by his faithful Polish adherent, to whom he bequeathed his little store. Then, to make his fortune, the young Marco went to London. He failed to make his fortune there, but he picked up a little French in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square to add to his Polish, his English, and his Italian. Then two or three years before that present evening he had tried his luck in New York once more, and there had prospered greatly. There he had met his friend Frost—the dear Frost, who now discovered that it was his generosity which had set the poor Polish wanderer's footsteps on the road to success. Frost's look, shifting enough by nature, grew shifter than common when Dobroski glanced at him at this point in the narrative.

The Polish confectioner had had his love story, and it all came out quite simply. At Milan the confectioner's assistant had peeped now and again at a little Italian girl, and in Leicester Square he had unexpectedly encountered her again. He passed the usual period of courtship, he married and had children, the little cherubs had died, and their sainted mother followed. Zeno, wiping his fat white cheeks over the imagined domestic grief of Marco Vroblewskoff, so affected Frost with disbelief in all previous circumstance that the Irish American had to retire to his bedroom, where, holding his head between both hands, he reasoned with himself.

"Great Caesar's ghost! Who is he?" Frost demanded, tugging his hair in the darkness. "Who am I? 'Tain't Zeno, I'll swear. It can't be Zeno. That spectacled, red-headed, gap-toothed, weepin', benevolent, grateful creature is not a spy in the service of the Russian Government. I won't believe it. I decline to believe it. He says he is, but he's a liar. It ain't in his kindly honest gentle nature. Scott! What a king o' liars! What a faculty!"

When Frost, after an absence of two or three minutes at most, returned to his sitting-room, Zeno had thought fit to calm himself a little. He was talking in Polish, but betook himself to English when Frost entered.

"Friend Frost," he said, "does not talk any language but his own. English is easier to me than my own speech now. There are so few that speak my own speech. And since my dear wife left me, and my children, I have scarcely spoken Polish at all. She was Italian, but I taught her my own tongue. It seemed the tongue for home, and the little children learned it."

Zeno showed symptoms of breaking down again, but he recovered himself with an apparent effort.

"As for you, dear respected sir," said he, when he had wiped his eyes a little and had stowed away his handkerchief, "to you all languages are the same, so long as they are of Europe."

Frost was eager and yet afraid to be alone with Dobroski. He had been horribly frightened all along, but it was only just lately that he had begun to taste and appreciate the flavour of his fears. When Zeno had seemed to stand on the edge of a fatal blunder in respect to his wife's nationality his blood had suddenly run cold, and he had eyed Dobroski in an agony of apprehension. The old conspirator had seemed to notice nothing, but then Frost had not had time to forget Zeno's story of his surprising calm and self-mastery at Janenne. Dobroski's sad and dreamy gaze seemed to go right through the traitor whenever he encountered it, and to writhe in him like a gimlet, so that it taxed his self-control not to twist bodily in answer to his mental tortures.

As he recovered more and more from the shock Dobroski's announcement had given him he began to think that even if the old man had recognised Zeno he might still suppose that the spy had been able to impose upon one less wary and less experienced than himself. Perhaps if he could get rid of Zeno for a moment Dobroski might give him a sign of warning.

"Perhaps you don't know," said Frost, addressing his fellow rascal, "what sort of a mess you've got your features into. You'd better take one of them candles into the next room and get a wash there."

Zeno glanced at himself in the discoloured glass above the

mantel-piece, an feigning to be surprised by what he saw there, took up a candle and retired. As he entered the bed-chamber he stumbled against a chair, and in putting it out of his way propped the door open with it. Frost approached Dobroski.

"I don't quite make out this news of yours, sir," he said, half whispering. "You say Zeno's in London? Who has seen him?"

"He was seen and recognised at Charing Cross Station by two of the Brethren," returned Dobroski. "Unhappily he was missed and lost in the crowd. They saw him take a cab, but in the confusion they followed the wrong vehicle."

Frost, standing with his back to the light, dared to look into Dobroski's eyes, which were illuminated by the flame of the solitary candle. He could read there no sign of suspicion, but he asked himself what would have happened if Zeno had been tracked to his residence—what would happen if he really had been tracked there, and if Dobroski were only playing with him. The fancy turned him cold.

"You have been looking at his portrait?" said the old man, striding past Frost and taking up the photograph, which still lay upon the table. "He will be troublesome to us, most likely, but we are forewarned against him, and forewarned is forearmed in the proverbs of many nations."

Frost's whisper had been inaudible to the spy, but Dobroski had spoken in his ordinary voice, and Zeno had heard him clearly. It was his turn to be shaken now, but with a dexterous flick of the towel he extinguished his own candle, and retiring to the most darkened end of the chamber, surveyed Dobroski's face with a keen and searching gaze. "He was seen and recognised at Charing Cross Station," and "You have been looking at his portrait," Zeno put the two phrases together in a turn of a hand, but he was Frost's superior alike in resources and in courage, and he had lived so long in constant danger that the presence of a risk seemed only to quicken and clear his faculties. When Dobroski looked up from the photograph the spy could see his eyes, and but for the darkness of the inner chamber the old man would have looked straight into Zeno's face. Dobroski seemed altogether undisturbed and natural, but then Zeno had formed an exaggerated estimate of his facial control, and—so strange a thing is the habit of suspicion—the unconscious old man seemed to the spy's keen gaze to be overdoing his unconsciousness.

"My candle has gone out," said Mr. Zeno, presenting himself at the bed-room door with the candlestick in one hand and a towel in the other. Dobroski threw the photograph on the table, and Zeno, as he relit his candle at the other, glanced at it. "Do you know that man, friend Frost?" he demanded, laying a finger on his own portrait. "He is not a friend of yours, I hope?"

"Why not?" asked friend Frost, huskily. "He is a scoundrel," returned Zeno, placidly, looking as if he noticed nothing, but keeping the keenest outlook on Dobroski through the discoloured mirror. "He is a Russian spy, that fellow."

"How do you know?" Frost demanded. He crouched over the fire and rubbed his hands above the blaze to account for the tremor in his voice.

"How do I know?" repeated Zeno. "There was in Milan a National Committee, and I was a member. This fellow tried to bribe me. I know his face. I should know it in a million, but I have forgotten what name he went by. That is of no consequence. I know the man. If you doubt it bring him face to face with me."

"What do you know of him?" asked Dobroski. "Is he an able man?"

"A fool," said Zeno. "He is a Greek, and he came to me at first pretending to be a Pole. I talked with him, and he made fifty mistakes in a hundred words."

"How long ago was this?" Dobroski asked. "Seven years next August," responded Zeno, after an elaborate calculation upon his fingers, and much knitting of his sandy brows in thought.

"You will tell anybody you happen to meet," said Dobroski, taking up his felt hat from the table and turning to Frost. "It is well that all should know it. I shall trust to meet you again, Mr. Vroblewskoff," he added, shaking hands warmly with Zeno, who took the extended hand in both his and kissed it.

Frost lighted his guest down stairs, and saw him into the rainy street. Then he came blunderingly up stairs again.

"Well?" said Zeno, who was towelling himself before the mirror.

"Well?" returned Frost, like an echo. "Did he know me?"

"I do not know," said Frost, with extreme slowness, "whether he knew you or whether he didn't. But if an opinion is any use to you, he was no more taken in than I was."

"Pooh!" cried Zeno. "You are a fool."

"That's a frozen fact," said Frost. "And you're another. But that old man is the father of all foxes."

"Pooh!" said Zeno, a second time. "You are a fool."

"Anyway," replied Frost, "I ain't fool enough to ask you to pitch your tent on my premises just at present. The best thing for you to do is to slide before the old man has time to set a watch on this particular tenement. If there's a watch set already you'll be followed. You're bright enough to be able to tell when you're being followed, I reckon. If you are watched don't come nigh me again. There's a hundred ways to let me know where you are. We'll wait awhile and see what comes of things. If he suspects I shall be watched, and I'll trouble him to watch me without my knowing it."

"Give me his address," said Zeno. "I will know whether he suspects or not. I shall call upon him to-morrow."

## CHAPTER XX.

AT Ostend the pretty widow showed signs of fatigue, and O'Rourke having seen her comfortably tucked away in one first-class carriage, with his own travelling rug for a pillow, sought another. It turned out that he was alone there, and having lit a cigar, he arranged himself in the easiest posture he could find, and prepared to examine the situation in a spirit of inquiry almost scientific. In regard to Maskelyne now? What did Maskelyne mean?—what could Maskelyne mean? It was on the cards that he had meant nothing at all except to perform an act of conventional politeness to a countrywoman. That was certainly possible, but, to the inquirer's mind, by no means probable. When O'Rourke had looked at the thing as dispassionately as he could, had examined it in all possible lights, he still found himself inclined to his first opinion. His friend had played a masterly card, and had played it in a manner, and at a chosen time, which were altogether creditable to him. O'Rourke felt that Maskelyne's intention was all important as a guide to his own conduct. If the pretty widow had been designedly thrown in his way by so shrewd a man as he knew the young American to be, his own course was pretty clear before him. So far, Mrs. Spry had done her best, wittingly or unwittingly, to bear out the theory which O'Rourke felt forced upon him. She had given the impression that she was not merely approachable, but willing to be approached—willing, perhaps, to come half way. Her manner with him could scarcely have been usual. It was impossible that she could behave to all men with so decided an invitation to love-making as she seemed to have offered to O'Rourke. He tried to survey this side of the question with absolute dispassionateness. Was the woman taken with him? Had she any idea of his social capacities, and was she willing to bestow herself and that moun-

tainous heap of dollars on a man who could open to her the doors of society in the old world? Or was she a flirt who had developed the art of flirtation to abnormal limits?

These questions kept him awake until the train reached Brussels, by which time it was broad daylight. Mrs. Spry was heavy-eyed when she awoke, and yawned behind her little gloved hand as she stood upon the platform watching the assiduous O'Rourke, who bustled hither and thither in her behalf in his own brightest and most cheerful manner. A single driver having flatly refused to tax his horse with the whole of the baggage, O'Rourke chartered a second for the remnant, and a third for the lady and her maid.

"May I have the pleasure of seeing you to your hotel?" he asked then.

"Oh! Will you really be so good?" she said in answer. "I am so obliged. They won't speak anything but French here I suppose, and I don't know a word." O'Rourke, upon this, ascended, and gave the coachman the name of the hotel to which Mrs. Spry desired to be driven. "I hope," she said, as they started, "that you're not missing the train for me, Mr. O'Rourke."

"Oh dear, no," he answered, "I have no special business. I am on holiday."

"I suppose your friends expect you at—I forget the name of the place. Janenne? Is it Janenne?" He glanced at her quickly, and with so evident a surprise, that she added, "Mr. Maskelyne told me you were going there. Is that the name of the place?"

"There is a little place of that name," said O'Rourke. "Maskelyne and I were there together a few days ago. I may go on, or I may not. I shall probably have a day or two in Brussels in any case."

"Yes, but you have left your friends there, haven't you? Oh, I'm sure you ought to go there, Mr. O'Rourke."

"Indeed!" said O'Rourke. "What makes you think so?"

"Oh," returned the lady. "I'm sure your friends must wish you back again. They must miss you very much indeed."

In delivering this speech she bent her head a little, and gave him a look from under her brows. O'Rourke told himself that if this glance were not genuinely shy and admiring, the widow was a dangerously capable actress, and it was certainly near enough to the real thing to be misleading, unless indeed it were the real thing itself.

"Ah, now," said O'Rourke, "you must forgive me if I quote your own words against you, Mrs. Spry."

"As how?" replied the lady softly.

"You say that to please me," said O'Rourke, with that delicate gaiety of his, which allowed him to say without a shade of clumsiness a thousand things which an awkward man could only say offensively, "You don't really mean it."

"Oh, now," cried the pretty widow, blushing a little, and making new play with her expressive eyes. "I did mean it. I'm sure your friends must miss you. I'm sure I— I'm sure I should miss you if you were a friend of mine."

"Perhaps," said O'Rourke with his delightful boyish smile, "I may be ungallant enough to hope that you may miss me some day."

"I'm sure I shall," she answered, and then dropped the big eyes, and blushed with a charming appearance of confusion.

The maid was perched beside the coachman, and O'Rourke and the pretty widow, seated opposite to each other, had the open vehicle to themselves. The gentleman's ideas of courtship led him to rapid movement, as we have seen already. It was only the fact of the carriage being open to the observation of early passengers in the street which prevented him from taking Mrs. Spry's hand within his own at this moment; and kissing the glove he had taken so much trouble to button a dozen hours before. Only a second or two later he took fright at this inspiration, and he told himself that he was stupefied by the loss of his night's sleep. If he had a chance with her—and he was fairly persuaded by this time that he had—he dared not risk it by a too precipitate advance.

When the hotel was reached O'Rourke secured rooms for his delightful companion, and ordered for her at her request a cup of warm milk and a biscuit. This modest repast was conveyed to her bedchamber, and she retired, purring an acknowledgment of obligation. O'Rourke, hat in hand, stood looking after her as she mounted the first flight of stairs from the hall of the hotel, when she turned with her hand upon the rail, and spoke with a blush and a smile.

"May I ask you to breakfast with me to-day, Mr. O'Rourke? Shall we say one o'clock? That will give time for a little rest, won't it? And will you kindly order things? Good morning. I am so obliged."

"I shall be delighted," replied O'Rourke, with tender warmth. The pretty widow lowered her eyes, sighed gently, and having accomplished the first flight of stairs smiled farewell before she turned the corner.

"Does Monsieur pay the coachman?" asked a gold-banded functionary.

"I should hardly care to take such a liberty," said O'Rourke in answer. "You had best enter the amount in Madame's bill." He was so far from being a wealthy man that even the smallest handful of francs deserved consideration.

He ascertained the presence of an English-speaking chambermaid in the hotel, and secured her for Mrs. Spry's service in the morning. Then he indicated his own portmanteau, and betook himself to bed with orders that he should be called at noon. His Parliamentary experiences had taught him to sleep in daylight, and he was tired after his sleepless journey, but he tossed and tumbled for an hour or more, revolving in his mind the new and astonishing factor which had found its way into his life. By way of seeking sleep he began to count, but the mere mental procession of figures brought the AA 11, the Credit Unlimited, and the two millions sterling into his head. The two millions sterling seemed too big a fact for his grasp, and so he broke it in pieces, as it were, to handle it the more easily. Two millions sterling could be exhausted in just a little less than a year if a man spent five thousand five hundred pounds a day. It represented fifty-four pounds odd per diem for a hundred years. It represented five pounds eight and something per diem for a thousand years. At interest at five per cent. it would produce an income of one hundred thousand pounds yearly. At three and a third per cent. per annum it would bring in sixty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-six pounds and a trifle, and that was so much over a thousand pounds a week that if he had but the difference between them he would regard himself as a wealthy man.

Then the contemplation of this prodigious sum of money drew him on to the contemplation of its owner. She could be, when it pleased her, undoubtedly a charming woman. O'Rourke prided himself, and not without reason, on his judgment of character, and he read in the widow's face sweetness of temper, weakness of will, and a remarkable disinclination to trouble herself. To O'Rourke's discerning mind she was precisely the sort of woman who was certain to be picked up by some adventurer or other in the end, unless some solid and worthy person took charge of her before the adventurer could get at her.

"I daresay," he told himself, "that there are a good many worthier people than I am in the world, but I know no one more willing. And, honestly, there are not many more capable of taking fitting care of a young and charming woman who has a great fortune. I fancy I should make a better husband than most men as times go. My temper is under perfect control, and I have no vices. I have brains and tact and manners, and a decent share of good looks. I don't think she's likely to catch a better fellow than myself. She



doesn't want more money, and so the mere fact of my having none ought to be no bar between us. And, between ourselves, old man," added Mr. O'Rourke to himself, "she seems, unless I am a greater ass than I fancy I am, to have taken a fancy to you."

From these reflections he glided off at a tangent to thinking of Angela, and she, by comparison with Mrs. Spry, suffered in many ways. For one thing, from O'Rourke's standpoint, she was not nearly so pretty, and for another her little handful of money was contemptible beside the American lady's wealthy pile. Of course, if, after all the castle-building he had indulged in, the American lady's pile should turn out to be unattainable, there was the certainty of Angela's little handful to fall back upon. When at last he fell consciously into his first drowse of sleep, he told himself that in any case his bread was buttered for life, and, dimly wondering why he had never hit upon the matrimonial method before, he surrendered himself to slumber.

At first, when he awoke, the events of the preceding day looked a little odd and unreal to him. Four-and-twenty hours ago the bare idea of storming a citadel which guarded two millions sterling had never occurred to him. He had been more than contented to think of Angela's fortune as being pretty safely within his reach when he chose to put out his hand and draw it to him. People had spoken of her as a great heiress. He knew tolerably well what the phrase meant by this time:—she owned a paltry fifty or sixty thousand pounds. Only one day before this awaking in the Brussels hotel he had never so much as heard of the possessor of that other fortune, the contemplation of which had so dwarfed and shrivelled Angela's modest competence. He was neither a vain man, nor a fool; and yet he could not help feeling that success was probable. The probability was dashed with doubts and fears, but even when he took the side of his doubts and tried to argue himself into disbelief he failed to do it.

If Mrs. Spry had been charming the night before, she was still more delightful that morning. O'Rourke made a guess as to her age, and set her down as being between three and four-and-twenty, in which he flattered her, as ladies' fancies go, by a year or two, but in aspect and ways she was girlish always, and at times almost child-like. She was very plump, very pretty, very helpless-looking, and languishing. O'Rourke thought the languid and helpless manner very suitable to her style of looks. She had the creamiest complexion, with just a tint of natural rose on the cheeks. O'Rourke rather wondered at himself as he noticed these things, and a certain pleased warmth their contemplation afforded him. Why—he wanted to know—had he so recently begun to take an interest in the other sex? Really, when one came to examine them, unencumbered young women who had money were possessed of charms. The thought that for the mere pleasure of making love to so inviting a person as the pretty widow the reward might be so prodigious seemed to make fortune hunting an almost sacred duty. There was certainly no other road to wealth which was a hundredth part so easy or so pleasant. The initial difficulty (that of *finding* the way) was the only trouble visible.

The pretty widow prattled of a thousand nothings. O'Rourke, on his side, laid himself out to charm, and shone in his quality of eloquent listener. The lady had never met so pleasing a man as Mr. O'Rourke, and Mr. O'Rourke was unfeignedly charmed by the lady. If that pyramidal pile of dollars on which she stood had first drawn his regards towards her he was none the less pleased by what he saw. There are many clever men who do not greatly care to find cleverness in women, and O'Rourke, though he had never suspected as much, was one of them. The widow's artless prattle amused him. He assured himself over and over again that he would have been pleased to have known her if she had been as poor as himself.

But bearing in mind all the while how time was flying, and how behoved him to make the most of chances which were likely to be limited, he turned the conversation to the lady's probable movements. Did she intend to stay long in Brussels? he asked.

"Well, no," she answered, with a becoming little blush. "There's only one thing brings me here." She hesitated for a moment, and then continued, turning her large eyes on O'Rourke now and again, "There's an old lady living here—a little hard-up I'm afraid, Mr. O'Rourke. She's a relative of my poor dear late husband's—a distant relative, but the only one he had, and he left her out in the cold. I'm afraid she's not very likely to be very good friends with me, but I want to make it up with her if she'll let me." O'Rourke's attentive and sympathetic face was worth a volume of commonplace answers to this statement. "And then," said the widow, "I've got a friend to see, and then I've done with Belgium. I shall go and see Paris again, and I shall try to persuade my friend to go with me. I haven't seen her for two years, but she's the dearest girl in the world."

"That," said O'Rourke, "is a flattering description."

"It's the simple truth," returned the lady. "She's the dearest girl in the world."

"America," said O'Rourke, "is the land of charming girls."

"Oh," cried the pretty widow, "she isn't American. She's English. But she spent six months in New York two years ago, and now we're life-long friends. If she hadn't been in Europe I shouldn't have cared to come over. I suppose you don't believe in women's friendships now, Mr. O'Rourke?"

"The disbelief in women's friendships," said the flexible O'Rourke, "is one of the stupidest heresies I know. Is your friend in Brussels?"

"No. From what I can learn she's gone and buried herself alive in some dreadful quiet place, miles and miles away from everywhere. I've looked it up on the map, and I make out Namour to be the nearest city. It's a little place called Houfouy." She pronounced the name as if it had been English.

"Houfouy?" said O'Rourke, questioning, following her pronunciation. Then, with a sudden start, "Houfouy?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Spry, bringing her hands together. "That's how they call it. Do you know it?"

"I have been there," returned O'Rourke, with admirable naturalness. "There is only one English family residing there. I have the pleasure to know them."

"Oh!" said the lady, rapidly and enthusiastically. "Do you know Angela Butler? Oh, now really! I say, what a little place the world is to be sure. Well, now, I do wonder that young George Maskelyne never told me that you knew Angela Butler."

"I know them very slightly," said O'Rourke. "I only met them a fortnight ago. No, three weeks since."

"Oh," purred the widow, making her best and most expressive eyes at her companion, "I adore Angela Butler. Don't you adore her, Mr. O'Rourke? Oh, I'm sure you do."

"I think her a very charming girl. Frank, clever, English—thoroughly English."

"Oh, so very English," said Mrs. Spry.

"And you are going to Houfouy to see Miss Butler?" asked O'Rourke. "That is delightful news, indeed, to me. We shall be neighbours. I am going to Janenne to see some old friends of mine, and Janenne is the nearest village to Houfouy."

"That will be pleasant," said Mrs. Spry. When she had said this she lowered her face and turned her head away suddenly, and a second or two later shot a most vanquishing glance at O'Rourke, upon whom its touching little avowal of the indiscretion of an artless nature was by no means wasted.

The news of the pretty widow's destination was at first something of a shock to him, but when he had taken a moment to turn himself round he took it with great coolness. After all, Miss Butler had no claim upon him. He had left himself perfectly free.

(To be continued)



To the majority of the youthful members of families in London and its suburbs the holidays are over, and they have only to look forward to three months of study and hard work at colleges, Art schools, and boarding-schools, great and small.

The first thing a careful mother should look to on the return of her young flock from the seaside is their stockings and boots. She will probably find, to her dismay, that the winter stockings, which were put away in excellent condition, are now too short for the feet of their owner and press the toes uncomfortably; if there is a juvenile of a size smaller the stockings can be passed on downwards, if not, they should be given away, and by no means worn, as the chances are that the feet may be disfigured and distorted for life by this unnecessary torture. The same remarks apply to boots, even in a greater degree, as they are less yielding than stockings, and therefore do more mischief.

The next thing to be looked to is the waterproof, especially when the boys or girls go to a school or college, which may necessitate their going out in rain or snow two or three times a day. For little girls the waterproofed ulsters, made long enough to come an inch or two below their high boot tops, are the most comfortable, and easily put on and off. They should be made with a stand-up collar and long sleeves, fastened at the wrist with an elastic; hoods are of no use to these young folks, who do not know how to use them; it is better to have a plain felt hat with a waterproof loose cover over it, having a long flap at the back to protect the neck. For grown-up girls some very stylish waterproof garments have been introduced this season. "The Princess Mackintosh Mantle" is made in a variety of fancy materials, black striped checks, and fancy colours, with a well-cut moveable hood, lined with silk. Dolmans, rotondes, and ulsters are made to suit all styles and figures. Soft felt hats are worn with these useful waterproof garments; they are trimmed with a broad band, under which are several small holes for the purpose of ventilation.

Now that so many ladies make their own dresses, a very good idea has been patented in the shape of tailor-cut dress linings, with which a perfect fit is guaranteed; only the bust measure is required, and the result is most satisfactory.

To return to the young people. Coarse serge and genuine Welsh homespun make capital knock-about school dresses, in heather mixtures of red, green, or brown; the skirts arranged in alternate box pleats and groups of narrow kiltings; a drapery, pointed in front and arranged in a few small puffs at the back, not too elaborate and fussy, as they will not only hold the dust, but also the wet. It is well to make these puffings so that they can easily be untacked and well brushed or sponged now and then, care being taken to wring the sponge nearly dry. All woollen costumes, especially black, are much improved by occasional sponging. To make these dull colourings look bright, a straight collar and cuffs of velvet of the prevailing colour of the material look very nice. For afternoon and promenade costumes a very stylish and durable material has recently been introduced, it is called "Velveteen Damassé," by a patent invention the pattern is woven into the cloth, and thus rendered indestructible by heat, moisture, or friction. It is excellent for making or trimming jackets or costumes, and will be one of the leading materials of the autumn and winter season.

We recently saw some very stylish autumn mantles and wraps at a leading West End firm. A travelling gown was of dark, rough tweed, with narrow coloured stripes, collar and cuffs of velvet to match the stripes; the material, although heavy in appearance, is in fact light, warm, and very durable. A travelling mantle was made of a new material called *broché* cloth; the back was tight-fitting, the front loose and full, fastened at the throat with a silver clasp, the same at the waist fastened a narrow band, the large open sleeves hung in a deep point almost to the hem of the garment; the trimming was a deep binding of velvet. A very stylish dark blue cloth jacket was edged with undressed sealskin, fastened in front with one lappel, which finished off in a point; habit *basque* at the back. Full fronts and tight-fitting backs are very fashionable both for jackets and mantles. Most attractive and elegant was an ample cloak or mantle, of an exquisite shade of electric blue cloth trimmed with plush; the very long and open sleeves were made with two deep points trimmed with plush and handsome gimp ornaments, the front was plain, the back was arranged in deep folds with gimp ornaments. A very becoming outdoor jacket was of tan-coloured cloth, trimmed with square braid of gold and the colour to match; the same pattern looks very natty in dark colours, with pointed *revers* of fur. A carriage, or evening wrap, was made of brown, sherry-coloured plush trimmed with marabout to match, quite short at the back, with square ends in the front. *Visites* will continue to be worn during this month whilst the weather remains warm.

Those of our readers who have not yet looked to their furs will do well not to delay any longer, as we found all the fashions for the season quite ready at our leading furriers. Persian lamb is quite a speciality of one house; it is noteworthy for its strongly-curled fleece; either as a trimming only, or as a complete short jacket, this skin will be much worn this season; hats are made of it, and bonnets trimmed with it. A jacket was made with the back and sleeves of sealskin, and the front like a waistcoat of skunk; the *basque* had a deep border of the fur. The *visite* shape is much shorter and not so warm as the more ample dolman. It is made of sealskin, and trimmed with pompons of the material; short pleated back and long square ends. A most useful form of trimming is a flat pelerine, about six inches wide, with a deep collar at the neck; a muff fixed on at the waist, the ends finished off with three or four tails. This pelerine can be worn with any dress or mantle. Fur capes are still very popular, and although not very becoming are useful wraps. A very handsome dolman is made of sealskin, and fully trimmed either with beaver, sea otter, skunk, or silvered beaver. A very handsome paletot was made tight-fitting, of sealskin trimmed with natural beaver. Sets for trimmings in Persian lamb, skunk, seal, beaver, otter, and sable are made for cloth, velvet, and silk mantles and jackets.

Our hats and bonnets always suffer very much from sun and sea breezes during our holiday trips, and are brought home looking very faded and forlorn, we therefore included a fashionable millinery establishment in our *tourne* for this month. The result of our inspection was to confirm the fact that both hats and bonnets are worn extremely high, and that simple, close-fitting bonnets are quite *démodé*. A collarette of a very original design was made of brown beaver, with ends below the waist, trimmed with bows of ribbon velvet to match, a small muff attached, and below it a stuffed dove with outspread wings. The hat to match this collarette is a beaver-coloured velvet *toque*, raised in front, sloping crown, full plumes of lighter shade than the velvet, and a beaver rosette. A very pretty new colour is the lynx; a very attractive and becoming hat in this shade was made of velvet, with a round brim edged with rosary beads; on the crown, which was very high, was a tuft of ostrich feathers and a small bird. Another stylish hat was of stone-coloured felt, boat shape, the brim deep at the back, narrowing off to a point in front, plume to match, on the left side drooping over the crown, on the front double loops of ribbon velvet, held

together with a long buckle. A third hat was of lynx-coloured velvet, with a dented crown, a large satin bow tied in front, in the centre was a small pale blue satin bow and a full plume of pale blue ostrich tips. Another new colour is called "Alezan." A neat little *toque* was made in this shade, which is between plum and brown, with a folded brim, plumes two shades lighter, and a bird to match. Very original in design was a biscuit-coloured felt crown, with a brim of plaited felt, trimmed with cobra-coloured velvet shaded, ostrich tips, and a fancy bird.

Most original amongst the bonnets was one of Persian lamb, with a full band of bronze-green velvet; in the centre of the front was the head of a comical little poodle, with a most roguish expression of countenance; strange to say, this *outré* ornament was most becoming to the face of the wearer. A bonnet of bronze velvet was made with a network of rosary beads and seed beads; a full front of velvet and a bow, in the centre of which were two youthful sea-gulls, crossing beaks. Many bonnets were edged with Persian lamb, or its less costly *genus*, Astracan, in black or white; and very becoming is this trimming when worn with a curly fringe of hair.

Ladies who are dissatisfied with buttons for gloves, &c., on account of their undoubted liability to come off under the stress of wear, may find the Champion Button (Harrington's Patent) a useful substitute. It appears to us more simple, and more easily fastened and unfastened, than most of the clasps which have been invented to take the place of buttons.



If "Sisters-in-Law" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) are altogether as Lady Margaret Majendie describes them, they have been grossly maligned by previous writers. In her story thus entitled there are plenty of them to choose from, perhaps a dozen, roughly speaking, and all equally charming. The sayings and doings of these young persons, their lives and their loves, make up the greater part of a very excellent little novel. It is very pleasantly written, and some of the stronger characters occasionally say things not only worth saying, but worth considering. Miss Curtis, for example, achieves a good deal of originality in Lady Margaret Majendie's most congenial style, with her strange fits of dreaming and almost prophetic capacity. The plot is exceedingly slight, and is mainly based upon a very different foundation than the reader would expect from the foregoing remarks—namely, the troubles of landlords and tenants owing to the failure of the crops and the effects of Free Trade. However, the non-political reader need not feel in the least alarmed. The only exciting incidents in the story are exceedingly well given, though one of them borders on the repulsive—that, namely, where the young farmer, William Curtis, having drunk too hard to drown his troubles, kills his own child. The other is a collision between two vessels in a Channel fog. Altogether there is great variety of interest, which is always well sustained.

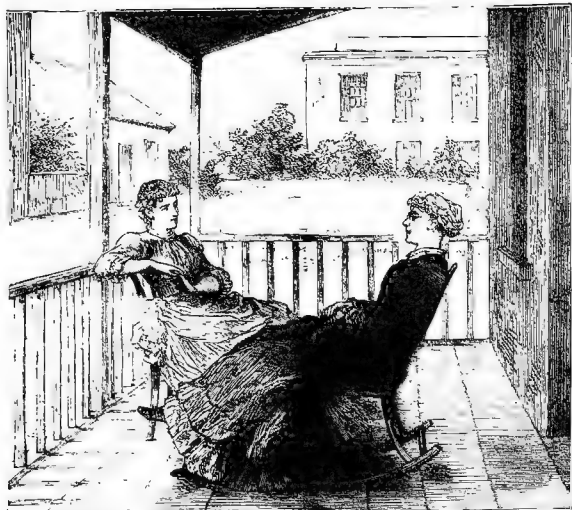
It is exceedingly refreshing to meet with an honest story of the good old-fashioned school like "What's His Offence?" by the author of "The Two Miss Flemings," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). Here we have the real family ghost, originating in the days of Cromwell, and haunting the "Peacock Room;" the uncompromising villain with no sentimental nonsense about him; the self-sacrificing heroine who baffles all the conspiracies; vice signally defeated, and virtue triumphantly rewarded. The novel is quite interesting enough for the reader to be unwilling to lay it down until it is ended. It would, moreover, be entitled to the praise of being fairly well written, were it not for an over-indulgence in French and Latin quotations, with which the printer—we will assume it to be that unfortunate scapegoat—has seemingly been allowed to do his worst. For the rest, the story is healthily sensational, and much too complicated for even the shortest description. All the characters are lightly but effectively drawn, and include at least one curiously original study in the person of Joel Hamlyn, called "The False Prophet"—a lad with strange fanatical tendencies. The novel must be considered as decidedly successful of its kind.

"A Rich Man's Relatives," by R. Cleland (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is rather a new sort of story, and is by no means unamusing. The author has, for a wonder, a sense of fun. The plot is slight—indeed much more might have been made of it with ease. An element of freshness is obtained by laying the scene in Canada, and introducing French Canadian characteristics in an interesting manner. There are capital descriptions of tobogganing, and of lacrosse as played between two Indian tribes. The principal faults of the book are that the best scenes are slurred and hurried over, and that the whole is much too loosely constructed. The characters, however, are uniformly well drawn.

Many novel-readers will remember Frances Elliot's novel called "The Red Cardinal." Equally unnatural or exaggerated incidents characterise her latest work, "The Ill-Tempered Cousin" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). In this, particularly, the *dramatis persone* are, with one exception, terribly overdrawn, as well as odious to the last degree. The exception is Aunt Amelia, who supplies a life-like portrait of a weak-minded, affectionate creature, whose sole mission in life is to be put upon by everybody. Her German husband, Mr. Winter, might have been amusing with his flute and his passion for music if his broken English were not at once so prominent and so utterly unlike anything ever spoken by the most benighted of foreigners. No German, or anybody else, would ever say, "Zee ees di letel fools: 'ave zee no shames: I vill goes my homes." This neither represents nor caricatures anything at all, even with memories of "English as she is spoke" fresh in the mind—especially when the speaker is an educated man, who has lived in England the greater part of his life, and has married an Englishwoman. However, the author's own English is by no means beyond reproach. As for the young lady who gives the title to the story, to call her "ill-tempered" is to put things very mildly indeed, since she carries her temper to the point of suicide, for about as feeble a reason as can well be imagined. A more completely disagreeable heroine was never invented; but she would be even more out of place in a less extravagantly unnatural and unsympathetic story.

The authoress of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" has paid her tribute to the flood of shilling fiction in "Murder or Manslaughter?" (George Routledge and Sons). It will probably please that very easily pleased portion of the very largest possible public for whom it is unquestionably written. We imagine that Miss Helen Mathers herself would be the last to base its claims to popularity on a literary or artistic foundation: she has gone out to meet the new demand with all that frankness and uncompromising boldness which distinguish her above all living authors. Her characters are splashed rather than painted in; and her story is appropriately wild. Her psychology is no doubt somewhat difficult to comprehend; but then it is not intended to be subject to analysis. Her account of a trial for murder is conspicuously wild and bold; and the professional position of her bold, bad barrister, who advises his clients—that is to say, all the beautiful women in London—gets up their cases, and pleads for them, without the intervention of a solicitor, is exceedingly hard to define. One lovely woman was always swooning on his shoulder in one room of his chambers in "Lely Place," while





1. Newly arrived in the Cape Colony. "We shall have to get a servant, and oh! we shall be able to educate a black one, and train her like a Christian."



2. Mrs. Kettledrum calls:—"and though not introduced, will be most happy to do anything in her humble way to assist new comers, and in the fun of it!"—&c.



3. Mrs. Kettledrum (next day) marshals a whole family, of which the eldest daughter is duly selected, and taken as a poor unfortunate heathen into the family. Mr. Kettledrum is astonished at the liberality of the old lady.



4. The new girl is christened "Sarah," and after being re-dressed, is initiated in housework. Sarah is both willing and intelligent.



5. Sarah's education is regular, and on missionary lines. She has become quite a coloured model.



6. "We have several times discovered the pantry in a state of disorder, &c., but lately we miss a great deal too much." Oh Ma, we must have some explanation from Sarah.



7. Of course Sarah's family are permitted to see her, and enjoy themselves, poor things—and there is a back yard, with gate complete.



8. "Now Sarah, we are going to see the afternoon out; take care of the house, there's a good girl."—"Yes'm, ma, I'll take very good care ob everything."



9. Sarah cannot resist the temptation, however, of Missus's new dresses; and they "fit her very well too." Be nice to take a walk in."



10. Sarah has her wish—borrowed plumes can give an afternoon's intense pleasure. But Mrs. Kettledrum was not out for a walk that very afternoon for nothing. And Sarah's missus is out in the country.



11. Alas, while Sarah is contemplating her stock, and thinking of the time when she had no property—



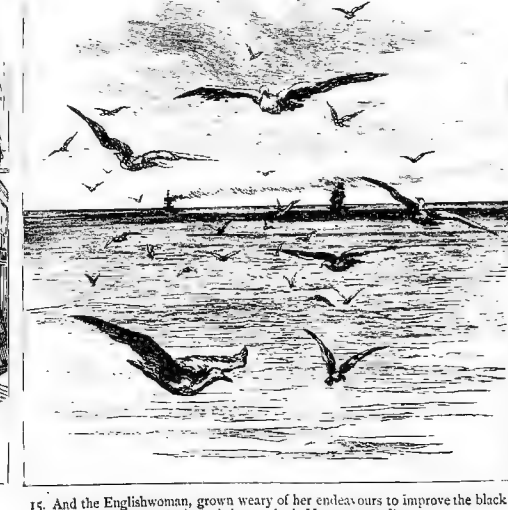
12. Mrs. Kettledrum has much pleasure in opening her good friends' eyes by recounting Sarah's display of her mistress's hat, dress, sun-shade, &c.



13. TABLEAU: "Get out, you ungrateful heathen, and take with you your ill-gotten goods," &c.



14. Sarah and her goods being placed in the street, she vents her virtuous indignation on the "peoples who dares to want to think of taking away her name!!!"



15. And the Englishwoman, grown weary of her endeavours to improve the black servants,—she has tried several—is HOMEWARD BOUND.



at least a dozen more were waiting to treat him to a "crescendo of emotions" in another. However, there is always a sympathetically amusing touch about Miss Mathers even when perpetrating her most eccentric blunders. She has become a sort of *enfant terrible* of fiction, who may, and does, do what nobody else may dare.

### "OLD" PORTSMOUTH

CHURCH CONGRESS visitors to the town which has been styled the "Key of England" will, at first sight, find little to remind them of its ancient character and history. The old drawbridges and earthworks, useful enough when Portsmouth was besieged by the Parliamentary Army in 1642, but out of place in modern times, have disappeared. One may wander through about a hundred and forty miles of streets, or ride in a tram car from one district to another, and notice but few signs of the "golden, antique past." Nevertheless, Portsmouth is great in history, and must ever be associated with memorable events, and the names and doings of illustrious men. The old Town Gates are perhaps its best monuments, removed though they are from their former sites. But those who seek to find some connecting links between the present and the olden time should leave the busy thoroughfares of Landport, or the promenades of Southsea, and walk through the comparatively quiet streets of Portsmouth proper. In times of war these streets used to be thronged with all sorts and conditions of men, but particularly with soldiers and sailors; and there must be many people now living who can recollect the business and revelling of Free Mart Fair, for which a Charter was granted by Richard I. The Free Mart lasted for fifteen days, and no one was to be "arrested for debt or oppressed in any way during its continuance." In those days the old Market House stood in the middle of the principal street, which apparently was regarded as a suitable position for the structure. The building is mentioned by Leland in his "Itinerary."

The High Street is still replete with interesting associations. One need not be middle-aged to remember when the ramparts stretched across its northern end, and when moats and fortifications occupied the sites of the splendid recreation grounds and handsome roads which have been laid out in recent times. It is only thirty years ago that the old theatre was pulled down to make room for the Cambridge Barracks. Once upon a time Kemble was manager there, and, the story goes, played *Richard III.* to an audience consisting of one sailor, who had induced the great tragedian to open the theatre for his exclusive enjoyment, in consideration of the moderate sum of five guineas. This and many other interesting anecdotes are told in Mr. Saunders's "Annals of Portsmouth." The theatre was on the circuit of Tate Wilkinson, who on one occasion numbered amongst the audience no less a person than Garrick. The two breakfasted together on the following day at the Fountain, which has now given place to the Soldiers' Institute. Close to the Cambridge Barracks is Buckingham House, which now exhibits a professional brass plate. Here George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, met his death in 1628 at the hands of Felton. Dumas, in one of his novels, describes this house as the "Palace of the Admiralty," and makes Buckingham pace "The Terrace" in view of Spithead; but, in truth, the house was known as the "Spotted Dog," and could have had no pretensions to a palatial character. Felton was executed at Tyburn, but his body was afterwards hung in chains on Southsea beach. A portion of the gibbet remained there until comparatively recent times. His was not the only gibbet erected at Portsmouth. The notorious Jack the Painter, who made persistent efforts to destroy the Royal Dockyard by fire, was hanged sixty feet high on the Common Hard, the body being afterwards suspended in chains at the entrance to the harbour, whilst on Southsea Common the traitor, David Tyrie, was executed in the presence of an immense multitude, who struggled brutally for portions of his torn and headless body.

Portsmouth was and is strong in inns and public-houses, but a good many of the old hostilities have been swept away. The inn where Lord Anson lodged is no more, the Fountain has already been mentioned, and the "Redd Lyon," where Pepys slept in 1661, has disappeared; the George still remains. It was here that Nelson, prematurely old, one-eyed and one-armed, breakfasted—for the last time in England—eighty years ago. The people thronged the High Street to catch a glimpse of him. It was in vain that he went by the back way into Penny Street; the crowd tracked and accompanied him to the very water's edge, and, some of them, waist-deep into the sea itself. The old anchor of the *Victory* marks the place of his departure, and the brave ship herself still rides in the harbour to tell the rest. There is a tavern on the Grand Parade which shows some indications of antiquity, but the Blue Posts, immortalised by Marryat, was burnt down long since; and the Quebec, where died Captain Seton forty years ago, the victim of the last duel fought by any Englishman on English soil, can no longer afford accommodation to man or beast.

Portsmouth, which this year welcomes the Church Congress, has entertained many illustrious visitors. Richard I., King John and his Consort Isabella, Henry III., Margaret of Anjou, Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, and Charles I. were amongst those who visited the old town, and, at the "Domus Dei," now the Garrison Church, whose history has been written by its restorer (the Ven. Archdeacon Wright, formerly Chaplain of the Forces), Charles II. entered the bonds of marriage with Catherine of Braganza. The circumstances attending this Royal marriage were carefully recorded both by Evelyn and Pepys. In the churchyard lie the remains of Sir Charles Napier, whose military funeral was probably one of the most impressive ever witnessed. The body of yet another hero had passed through the streets in 1759, when the remains of General Wolfe were landed from the *Royal William*, whilst the melancholy thunder of the minute guns blended with muffled peals from the bells of the old parish church of St. Thomas à Becket. Famous bells were those; brought by Admiral Rooke from the old Pharos at Dover, where they had sounded matins and vespers in the far-off years. In the tower of this venerable church there was formerly a bell which was tolled to give notice of the number of ships entering the harbour.

A word must be said about the great personages associated with Portsmouth in the early part of the present century. The "Allied Sovereigns" came in 1814. Some of the Royal visitors, including the King of Prussia, were entertained at the Governor's House, which was then in St. Thomas Street. The Emperor of Russia and the Duchess of Oldenburg were received at the Commissioner's House in the Dockyard, and other Royalties were accommodated elsewhere. Blucher drove through the streets to the Clarence Hotel, and the Duke of Wellington was seen at the window of the George.

Her Majesty first visited Portsmouth in 1842, accompanied by Prince Albert and the "Iron Duke," Louis Philippe arrived in 1844, and Garibaldi visited the town in 1863. Two years later the inhabitants welcomed the friendly visit of the French fleet. It was not the first time the French had come to Portsmouth. In 1336 they burnt the town, and in the following year tried to repeat the experiment, but were driven back to their ships with considerable slaughter. Nor was that the last time that our neighbours chose this place for a hostile visit. But in 1865 the two nations met with outstretched hands, and the festivities will long be remembered. There is plenty of room at Spithead and in the harbour for visitors

of all sorts, though the entrance to the latter is no wider than the Thames at Westminster. In this spacious haven still ride, side by side with marine monsters of modern design, the brave old wooden ships which did so much for England, and which recall such names as Rodney, Howe, and Keppel, as well as of Nelson, the foremost of them all.

But there are associations other than those of the battle and the breeze. John Pounds, the humble founder of Ragged Schools, was born here. The town was the birthplace of Sir Frederick Madden, and last, but not least, of Charles Dickens, though no tablet or memorial tells of the event. If Portsmouth has seen some good men and true, it has also known some of the baser sort, putting Felton and "the Painter" out of the question. The inhabitants, though possibly proud of their Quarter Sessions, can find little pleasure in recollecting that the brutal Jeffreys used to preside as Recorder. For the rest, people can draw their own comparisons between Portsmouth past and Portsmouth present, the town which, less than a hundred years ago, had but twelve thousand inhabitants, and which now contains nearly 140,000—which was then notoriously and alarmingly unhealthy, and which is now, according to the Registrar-General's Returns, one of the healthiest large towns in the Kingdom.

D. M. F.



THOSE who care about the Colonies should study the "Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute for 1885" (Sampson Low). At every meeting a paper is read by some one who thoroughly knows what he is talking about; and, in the discussion which follows, his statements are often sharply criticised. The wisdom of the Institute, its chief *raison d'être*, is in this multitude of counsellors. Of the special papers we have not space to say as much as they deserve. At a meeting at which the Prince of Wales presided, Sir F. Napier Broome, Governor of Western Australia, talked of that vast colony which, after fifty-six years, only counts 32,000 settlers, and which needs not only more immigrants of the right sort, but also more capitalists to employ them. In some respects it is a model country, because, left alone by the keen business men, it has bred no larrikins, every Western Australian having, in Sir F. Napier's words, "a fowl in his pot, and something more." The great want is engineering works, to bring water to the sand which even now, in many places, grows the best of grapes. The wine is bad; "the secret has not yet been found of securing a uniform standard." The waste of wood, even of the precious sandalwood, is monstrous, and apparently unchecked by Government. Rottnest seems a success; it is teaching the blacks the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*; and, happily, the senseless plan of hanging them for purely tribal murders has been exchanged for transportation to that island. Transportation ceased in 1868; but some 140 ticket-of-leave men still survive. Of the New Zealander it is refreshing to hear that he likes play; passers-by may see a score of members of the House of Representatives at lawn-tennis. At the same time "colonists are impatient of men of leisure; and leisure," says Mr. Clayden, "is the cradle of literature and the condition of higher thought." Culture, however, is growing; and the Girls' College at Nelson will help it on. Every one must wish success to Mr. Macandrew's plan for settling the Highland crofters on 100,000 acres of unappropriated Crown land in Otago. Several of the speakers about New Zealand seemed to dread absenteeism, complaining that for the rich New Zealander London is becoming what Paris was for the rich American. Manufacturers were also reminded that New Zealand would like the best of the old country's products, and not the worst. "Poor Maoris!" was all Mr. Clayden said about the natives; but the Chairman attacked him even for that, remarking:—"There's not an acre that wasn't legally bought; and if in the old time small value was given for it *it satisfied them*," which fact (?) he appeared to think made the transaction fair and just all round. In the discussion on British North Borneo there is another rich instance of how completely the civilised world ignores "natives." "We are not likely," said Sir Walter Medhurst, "to extend further in the Sulu direction, not because the Sultan would protest, but because the *Spaniards have already got a foothold there*." The volume contains a very interesting paper by General Sir J. H. Lefroy on the British Association in Canada.

Mr. W. Arthur, author of "The Successful Merchant," has published a new edition of his "Tongue of Fire" (Bemrose), which for thirty years has been so popular with one section of the religious world. It has been adopted by the American Sunday School Association, and is twice referred to in General Gordon's letters. Mr. Arthur would fain perpetuate the Miracle of Pentecost. He is not satisfied with men whose public and private life is blameless; he wants men "instinct with the Spirit." Everybody will admit that "a very small amount of intellectual or literary power is often combined with commanding spiritual power;" but many Churchmen will demur to the assumption that "the conversion of a nominal Christian now is the same in kind as the conversion of a Jew in Christ's day."

Unlike other Church parties, the Broad Church is acephalous. No one has succeeded to that pre-eminence which F. D. Maurice owed to the charm of his personal influence. Hence in "Social Questions" (Macmillan) the Rev. Llewellyn Davies does not speak as the mouth-piece of his party; he is a prominent Broad Churchman, but not pre-eminent. He speaks, however, in a way which will commend him to all reasonable men. Treating, for instance, of "The Christian Teacher and Politics," he feels that "it is the clergyman's vocation to preach as a living man to living men, and not merely as a dying man to dying men;" but he sees at the same time that, were the clergy to become political partisans, Conservatives and Liberals would have to attend different churches. On Pentecostal Communism he quotes M. Renan, and adds: "There is no sign in the 'Acts' that the Apostles made any attempt to organise life in common, much less to enforce it." Speaking of "Christ's Economic Precepts," he is justly severe on the Quaker who makes a fuss in a Court of Justice because Christ said: "Swear not at all," and yet disobeys the equally imperative precept: "Lay not up for yourselves treasure on the earth." As to women, he believes that the texts which enjoin their subjection have been misunderstood, while he deems it "absurd to cheerfully acquiesce in the mixing of the sexes at dinner and ball, and to denounce as immodest their mixing in study and civil duties." In fact, throughout, Mr. Davies's sermons are marked with such calm good sense as to make us envy the congregation of Christ Church, Marylebone. Even the vexed question of the deceased wife's sister he discusses judicially, though his own feeling is manifestly in favour of permitting it.

Naturally the most interesting chapter in a book by the historian of the Indian Mutiny is "Arah and Azamgarh," and, of all the "Ambushes and Surprises" (Allen and Co.) described in Colonel Malleon's 430 pages, Azamgarh is the only instance in which "an army surprised by an enemy lying in ambush for it succeeded in defeating their surprisers, and inflicted on them a crushing defeat." In this memorable engagement the commander was Lord Mark

Kerr, to whom the book is dedicated. The longest of the chapters contains a graphic summary of Turkish history up to the taking of Constantinople, which fell by "the surprise of Kerkoporta." The Turcophiles (if any yet survive the Gladstone régime) will be delighted with the contrast which Colonel Malleon draws between the high-minded scrupulousness of Amurath and the perjured way in which the Christians broke the peace of Szeged. Maxen, where Daun outwitted Frederick and forced his favourite general Fink to surrender with 11,600 men (Carlyle says 529 officers, and only 2,836 men!) is perhaps the best written of Colonel Malleon's chapters. He begins with the Trasimene Lake, marking with each "surprise" an epoch in history.

While Mr. Olmstead is protesting against "the errors of the Protestant Church," Mr. Newman Smyth, of New Haven, Conn., is trying to preach soul into those Protestant traditions of which he finds laity and clergy alike are growing impatient. His "Reality of Faith" (Ward and Lock) is what we might expect from the author of "Old Faiths in a New Light." Mr. Smyth is a Maurician, and something more. His sermons have the Master's depth with more than the Master's lucidity. Perhaps he is too fond of out-of-the-way titles; but the matter of "Making To Ourselves Souls" is as forcible as the heading is quaint. His New Year's sermon on "Time, a Rate of Motion" reminds us of Hooker's definition.

In "Christ Crucified" (Allen, Ave Maria Lane; Harris, Bishopsgate Street Without), "Another Friend" animadverts strongly on the very unorthodox "Reasonable Faith, by Three Friends," the publication of which showed that the Quakers too have their Broad Church party. The present book is meant to enforce proper views on the Atonement, Inspiration, and other fundamentals.

We wonder whether "Another Friend" would be satisfied with "The Lord Jesus Christ, by a Disciple of St. Luke" (Spiers, Bloomsbury Street), embodying, we suppose, the ideas of the Swedenborgian Church. Is it not dangerous (even with Dr. Bushnell on your side) to speak of the existence of sin as "a sad necessity?"

"Kissing: Its Curious Bible Mentions" (Simpkin and Marshall), is the work of one who has laboured for years in Jerusalem, and who has proved, in his "Palestine Explored," that he understands the people amongst whom he laboured. Mr. J. Neil's appendices show that he is also a Hebrew scholar. His translation of Prov. xxiv. 26, "the two lips shall kiss what returns a straightforward answer," makes sense out of what in the Authorised Version is nonsense. If he is right, the revisers, who retain "he kisseth the lips," have here overlooked Eastern custom. The kiss of peace he limits to men from men and women from women, bringing Smith's Dictionary to book for asserting that "no limitation is expressed;" and when Tertullian speaks of women going round to visit the brethren, he thinks that by *fratres* the African Father there means "believing women," just as we include both sexes in "Dearly beloved brethren." We are sorry Mr. Neil is so bitter against "the unscriptural practice of using the title Saint."

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have worthily inaugurated their series of "The World's Workers" with the biography of Abraham Lincoln, by Ernest Foster. This little work gives an admirable and sympathetic sketch of the career of the martyr President, and while being written for young people by a hand well practised in juvenile literature, it may be read with much interest by their elders.



MESSRS. B. HOLLIS AND CO.—"Two Roses and a Lily" and "One Alone" are a brace of pretty drawing-room ballads written and composed by Lord Henry Somerset.—Two graceful French songs of medium compass are respectively: "Ah! Si Vous Saviez," words by Sully Prudhomme, music by Alice Millais, and "Si l'On Veut Savoir," words by Emile Augier, translated by Fanny Lablache, music by Phoebe Otway.—A soprano song which will take foremost rank in the concert-room and the home-circle is "My Love is Passing Fair," written and composed by Arthur P. Vaughan and Clelia C. Vaughan.

MESSRS. AMES AND CO.—J. E. Mallandaine has done good service to the lovers of "Old English Melodies," by arranging in an easy form for violin and piano six sets of the most popular favourites, including "Black-Eyed Susan," "The Leather Bottel," "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen," "Where the Bee Sucks," "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "Wapping Old Stairs," "The Vicar of Bray," and others almost equally popular.

TITO DI G. RICORDI.—A song of more than ordinary merit, published in four keys, is "Stay With Me!" written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Tito Mattei.—"The Gates Ajar," words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, music by Ciro Pinsuti, is a charming song, replete with pathos, published in three keys, therefore may be sung by any register of voice; we prefer it in D for a soprano.—A very elaborate frontispiece will attract attention to "The Inventions' Waltz," by Pasquale Clemente, the music of which is of a very ordinary type.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A love ditty of medium compass for a baritone is "I'd Mourn the Hopes," words by Thomas Moore, music by Horace. Of a very ordinary type, both as to words and music, the former by E. Oxenford, the latter by Henry R. Mark, is "The Echoed Song" (Messrs. Morley and Co.).—Longfellow's able translation of Heine's "The Sea Hath Its Pearls," has been set to a sweet melody by George Graun (Messrs. Augener and Co.).—Although the subject of sleeping infants is somewhat hackneyed, "When the Children Are Asleep," written and composed by William M. Hutchinson, will find many warm admirers in the home circle.—There is a quaint pathos in a song written and composed by A. C. Jewitt and Ed. St. Quentin, published in B flat, and entitled "Elderly People" (Messrs. W. Marshall and Co.).—Pathetic words by Ray Lotinga are allied to an appropriate melody by Lindsay Proctor in "Our Darling," published in three keys (Messrs. Briscoe and Tree).—A simple and easy verse-anthem is "I Will Rejoice Greatly," words from Holy Writ, music by E. Dransfield (Felix Peck).—A capital song for the barrack-room is "Duty," a soldier's song, written and composed by A. Douglas Sleight (T. C. Turner, Bristol).—"Si Vous Saviez" ("Did You But Know") is a charming chansonette, words by Sully Prudhomme, music and English translation by G. M. H. Playfair (J. and W. Chester, Brighton).—On the score of simplicity praise may be awarded to "Lullaby," written and composed by Jessie Botterill, from whom better work may be looked for in time to come (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—"True to the Old Flag," a patriotic song, written and composed by Arthur Chapman and Charles d'Ace, is tuneful and loyal in sentiment, but a trifle bombastic (Messrs. Ascherberg and Co.).—A very daintily got-up souvenir of the International Inventions Exhibition is a little volume entitled, "The Twelve Months of the Year," which contains twelve pianoforte pieces composed by Theodor Kirchner. Each month has an appropriate illustration in chromo-lithograph from the world-famed firm of C. G. Röder, of Leipzig; not the least interesting part of this original little work is the account of the modest origin and development of this firm to its present important position (Agent for Great Britain: William Witt, London).



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The Harden "Star" Hand Grenade is a blue glass globe or bottle filled with a chemical fluid, and when broken over or into the flame extinguishes fire instantly. Being hermetically sealed by a Patent Stopper, the exclusive property of this Company, the contents are not deteriorated by age, climate, frost, &c., nor will they injure Person or Property in the slightest. Hung up in your House, Office, or Factory, they are instantly accessible and invariably effective.

"H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Edinburgh and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, was present on Thursday afternoon at some interesting experiments by the Harden "Star" Hand Grenade Fire Extinguisher Company, which took place opposite the Savoy Theatre. The proceedings, which successfully demonstrated the efficiency of the Grenades in dealing with seven varieties of Fires, were also witnessed by the Duke of Sutherland, Earl Sydney, Earl of Kenmare, Lord H. Bruce, Sir H. Lumsden, and others."—*Daily News*, May 15, 1885.

## Testimonials.

Birkdale Farm Reformatory School, near Southport, July 8th, 1885. Gentlemen.—A large Boiler of Resin used in making firewood took fire, and the building in which it stands was in flames in a few moments. Seven of the Hand Grenades put it out very effectually. I would strongly recommend every school to be provided with them.—Yours truly, DANIEL H. SHEE, Governor.

18, Orchard Street, Portman Square, W. Gentlemen.—In the case of Hospitals, when so many of the inmates are helpless and full victims to the fire when it does break out, your discovery would form a safeguard, the value of which it would be impossible to over-estimate. Each ward should be well provided with Grenades. As the gases emitted from the fluid contents of the Grenades put out a fire in something like ten seconds, the value of your discovery must be patent to all—I am, Gentlemen, yours truly, A. ST. CLAIR BUXTON, F.R.C.S.

Stroudwater Dye Works, Gloucestershire, 6th January, 1885. Dear Sirs.—I have much pleasure in saying that the Hand Grenades proved the means of extinguishing a fire which broke out in my mill at the Brook House about three o'clock yesterday morning and which, without their aid, would no doubt have been very serious in its consequences.—Yours faithfully, WILLIAM BISHOP.



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## Testimonials.

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Dear Sir.—Some Methylated Spirit took fire in our work-room and rapidly ignited the floorboards. It was of the utmost importance that the fire should be instantly extinguished, and this, we are happy to say, was most successfully accomplished by the use of two Harden "Star" Hand Grenades. Their use was most satisfactory. Their portability allowed their immediate application at a point to which water could only have been carried with difficulty, and their instantaneous action left nothing to be desired.—Yours, &c., J. W. WALKER and Son.

White Lion Inn, High Wycombe, June 8, 1885.

Gentlemen.—In putting out the alarming fire in my back premises on Saturday last, the effect of the two Harden "Star" Hand Grenades which were broken on the flames was simply wonderful. In two minutes or so the whole fire was out, and the total destruction of the whole premises prevented.—Yours truly, W. A. WEAVER.

Dear Sirs.—By using one of your Hand Grenades a fire in our Lace Factory was at once extinguished, thereby saving the whole building and machinery.—Yours truly, TATHAM BROS. Ilkeston, March 3rd, 1885.



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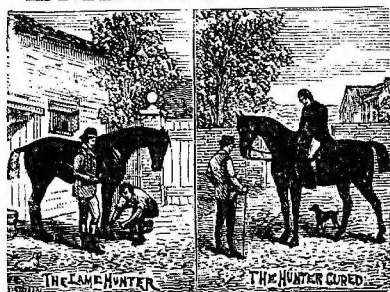
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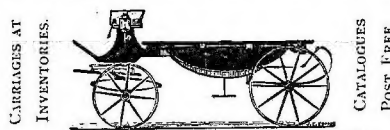
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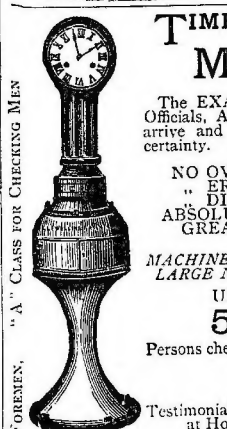
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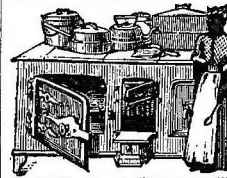
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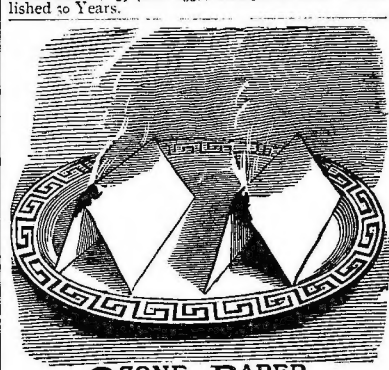
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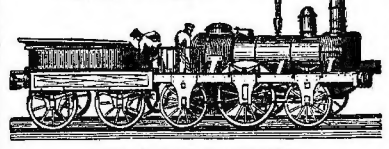
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BLACK BEETLES, BLACK BEETLES, BLACK BEETLES.

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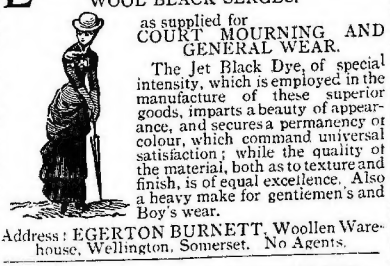
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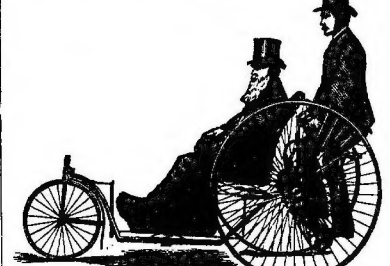
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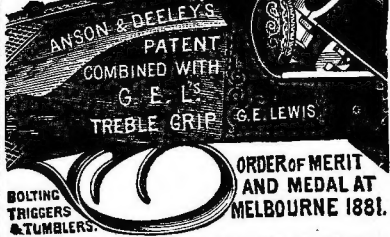
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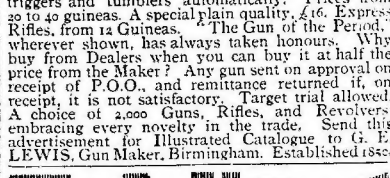
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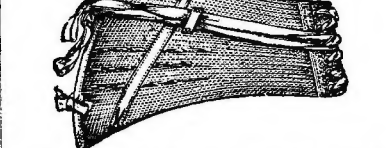


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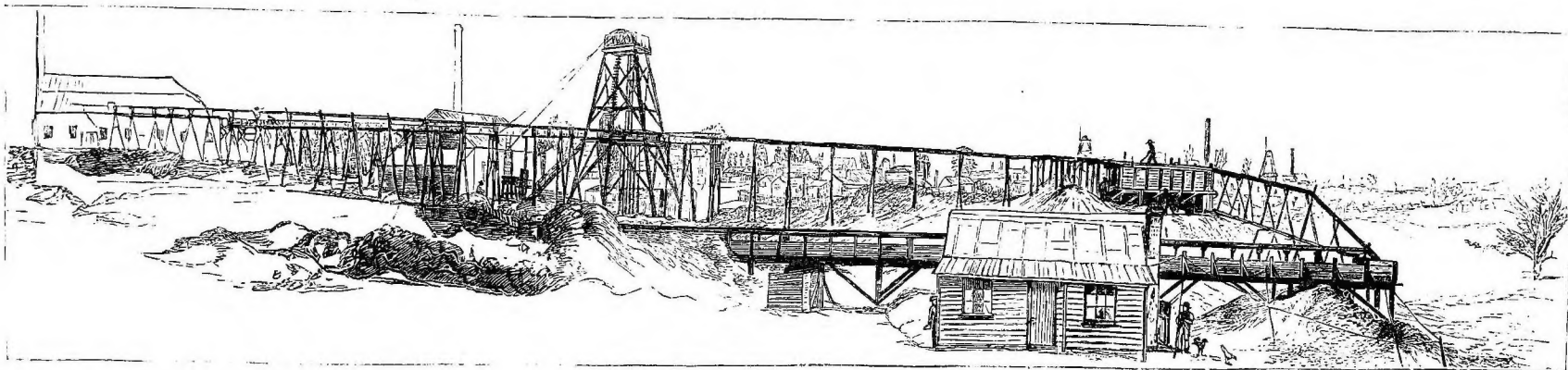
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# A Visit to an Australian Gold Mine



GENERAL VIEW OF PART OF A "CLAIM"

SCARCELY A GENERATION has passed away since the first public announcement of the discovery of gold in Australia was followed by a rush of eager fortune hunters to the slopes of the Blue Mountains; but in that period no less an amount than sixty-three million ounces of gold have been extracted from the "diggings" of the two colonies of New South Wales and Victoria

alone, representing a value, in round numbers, of two hundred and fifty millions sterling. It is difficult to grasp the real meaning of these enormous figures, even with the help which may be afforded by the recollection of the enormous pyramid which was shown at the Great Exhibition of 1862, representing the aggregate yield of the gold fields of Australia at a time when the output had not reached one-half of its present amount. If this sum of two hundred and fifty millions sterling could be represented in sovereigns piled one above the other, there would be formed a column getting on for two hundred and fifty miles high; while if the coins were laid as close as possible in a row, they would form a belt nearly three thousand five hundred miles long, or sufficient to reach right across the Atlantic from Queenstown to St. John's, Newfoundland, and back again.

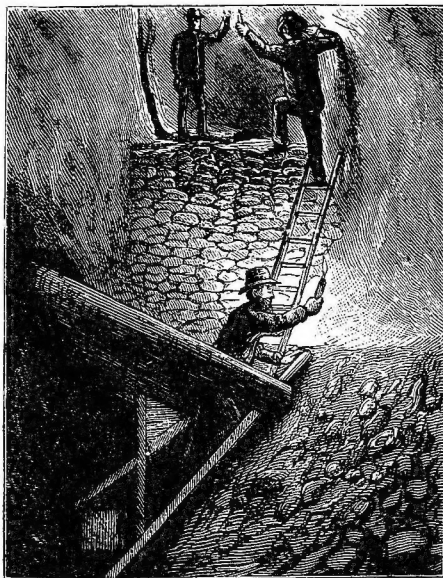
When in the month of April, 1851—only a few days before the opening of the first Exhibition in Hyde Park—Mr. Edward Hammond Hargreaves publicly proclaimed the existence of gold at a place called Summerhill Creek, near Bathurst, New South Wales, he could have had no conception that such astonishing results were destined to flow from the discovery. Yet he was much more far-sighted than many who had preceded him in the knowledge that gold existed in large quantities within the borders of the colony. His chief merit lay in the announcement of the fact—a public service for which he was liberally rewarded by the Colonial Government—for others before him had found gold, but had kept the secret to themselves.

long in spreading across the border. Many of the Separationists returned to their old allegiance to share in the new source of wealth. Others, more wise, began to look about and see if the new Colony did not possess goldfields of its own, and, three months after the announcement of Mr. Hargreaves' discovery in New South Wales, the news was heard of a similar "find" in Victoria. The first to proclaim his good fortune was a Mr. Michael, who got gold at Anderson's Creek on July 5th, 1851. He was run very close in the race by Mr. Esmond, who in the same month took a quantity of gold at Clunes, since so well-known in connection with the Port Phillip Gold Company; while in the following month all former discoveries were eclipsed by that made by a wheelwright named Hiscock, who, while grubbing up the root of a tree under the shadow of the volcanic hill known by the native name of Buning-

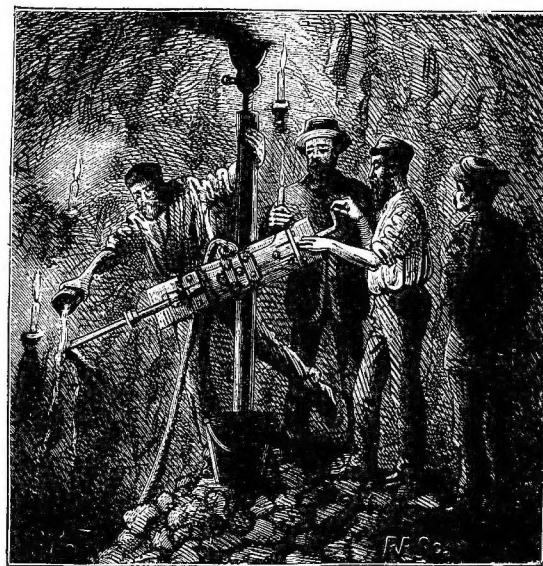
to the city some specimens of quartz in 1847, but he "was unwilling to notify their origin lest the colonists should forsake their flocks and herds to go in search of gold." An old shepherd at Mount Alexander showed his friends "something which he had found there," and which he "thought to be gold;" but he was so laughed at for his pains that he threw the specimen away, and forgot all about it until the fact was brought to his recollection by



Descending the Shaft in a Cage



Ascending a "Stope"



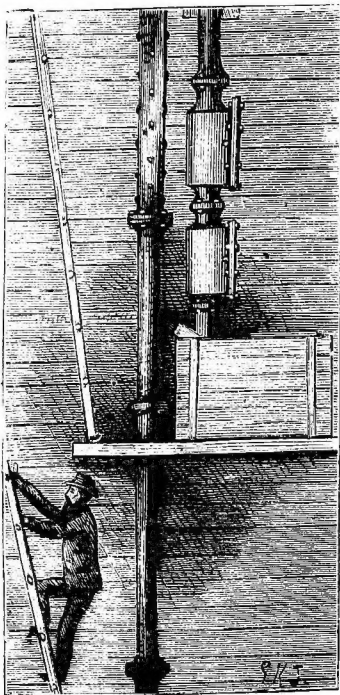
Rock Drill, worked by Compressed Air

a similar find by another shepherd, which led to a "rush" to Mount Alexander diggings two months after the opening of the Ballarat fields.

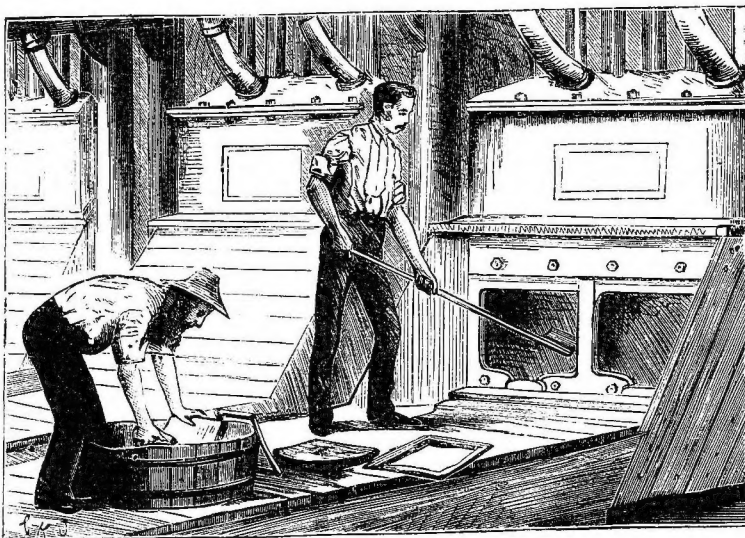
Not that it was difficult to find gold now that its existence was recognised; for, in Victoria, even more than in New South Wales, the precious metal obtruded itself upon the sight of the most careless seeker; so that, although starting second in the race, the younger colony has long outstripped the mother colony in the rate at which it has produced gold. Of the two hundred and fifty millions' worth already referred to as having been found in the two colonies, Victoria has yielded more than four-fifths.

young, found "something glistening," which proved to be gold, and which was the origin of the world-famed Ballarat goldfields.

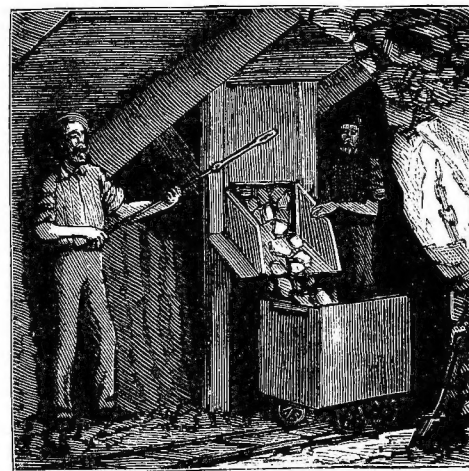
These successive discoveries brought to light the curious fact that, as in New South Wales, so in Victoria, the existence of gold had been definitely ascertained some years before by various individuals who had kept their knowledge a secret. Mr. Esmond's discovery at Clunes had been anticipated by a squatter named Campbell at least a year earlier. Then a shepherd from the Pyrenees, only a hundred miles from Melbourne, disclosed a locality in those mountains from which he had brought down considerable quantities of gold earlier still. Another colonist declared that as early as 1841 he had seen the metal by the bank of the River Plenty—a stream which has



Ascending the Shaft by the Zig-Zag Ladder



Cleaning out the Battery



Shooting Quartz into a Truck

Bathurst had already become famous as the centre of a phenomenally fertile grazing region, and now the district was overrun by excited crowds, and the gold fever spread in all directions. It was less than a year since the separation of Victoria, or Port Phillip, from New South Wales had been formally proclaimed, and the news was not

indeed since proved its title to that name; while the earliest discovery of all was ascertained to have been made by Count Strzelecki while exploring the Australian Alps in 1841. The motives which prompted these and other discoverers to make a secret of the matter were various. Sir Thomas Mitchell had brought

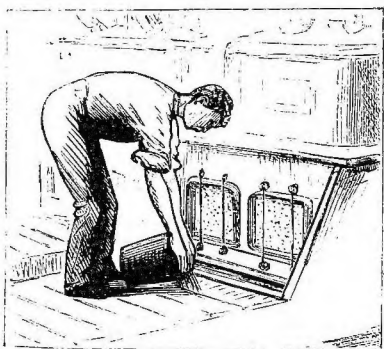
At first the appliances were necessarily very primitive; but Nature was so prodigal of her bounties that the miners had no need at first to devise or procure intricate machinery. It was enough to pick up the nugget, or to wash the auriferous earth in a pan of water, and men might be seen sitting down with a lump of earth before them, picking out the nuggets with a knife, like plums out of a pudding. Many men who joined the "rush" were disappointed if, on the first day of their visit, they did not find handfuls of gold, and a story is told of a doctor from Melbourne who rode over to Ballarat, unsaddled his horse, and tied it up to a tree. He then collected a few lumps of earth and a pan full of wash-dirt; carefully dissected the former and washed the latter; and, finding but a few specks of gold dust to reward his labour, returned to his horse, resaddled it, and rode straight away on his return to his medical avocations. Gradually, however, the searchers began to dig, and it was ascertained that the largest deposits of gold lay in "leads," to reach which they bored deeper and deeper through the great beds





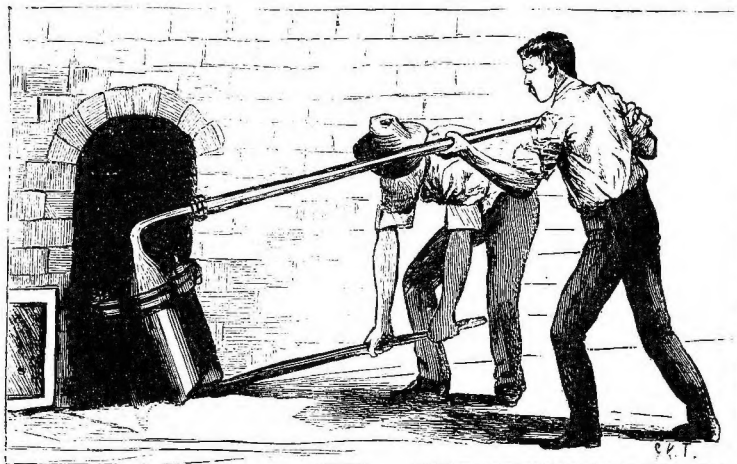


of lava or basalt till a depth of as much as 2,000 feet and more was attained. Thus "diggers" became "miners," who, as they gained experience, found the quartz as profitable to work as the alluvial deposits, though more difficult. At first a few pieces would be knocked



Straining off the Mercury

off the projecting "reefs;" then gunpowder superseded the hammer; compressed air was employed as a power for driving the drills, instead of manual labour; the rudimentary method of "roasting" the lumps of stone till they split with the heat, and crushing them with the hand, gradually gave way to the employment of machinery driven by water or steam power; till now a Victorian gold mine, with its batteries, furnaces, and other adjuncts, is practically a vast workshop, in which the highest mechanical and chemical skill is called into requisition. The machinery alone now employed on the Victorian Goldfields is estimated to be worth over two millions sterling.



Pushing the Retort into the Fireplace

Let us take a peep at a representative gold mine in the Sandhurst or Ballarat district, and, after inspecting the actual mining operations underground, note how the ore is treated and bright yellow metal extracted when it has been brought to the surface.



Carrying off a Fortnight's Work

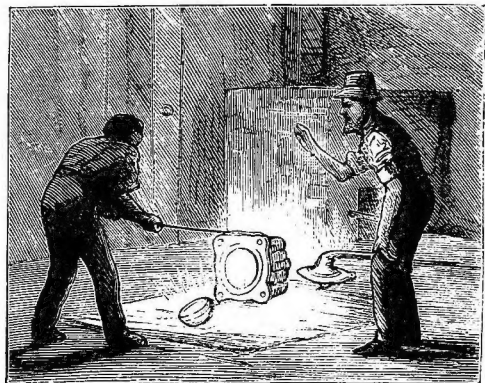
In the engine-house we put on mining jackets and hats, and descend the shaft in the cage. The cage is fitted with patent safety apparatus for gripping the conductors, in case of a breakage of the rope, and also a safety hook, to prevent overwinding. The shaft is divided into three parts; two for winding, and the third for pumps, compressed air pipes, and zigzag ladders. The shaft is timbered all the way down with planks of red gum, a splendid wood to stand the wet. Descending into the lowest level, we find the stone is worked from the roof to some height, timbers are then placed across at a convenient height, and the rock is packed on them, making a floor for further operations. These raised floors are called "stopes." The quartz, worked from above, is thrown down timbered shoots from the stopes into the level, and loaded into trucks at will. Here and there are rock drills at work, the motive

power being compressed air sent down the shaft in pipes. There is no danger of an explosion of "gas," so naked candles are plentiful. Candles, by the way, afford a good test of the prosperity of gold mining, for the demand is enormous for use in the mines. On the imports of this article alone the discovery of the Victorian Gold Mines had such an effect that while in 1850 the value of candles imported into the colony was only 1,611*l.*, it had increased in five years to very nearly half a million sterling. Thus does a "straw show which way the wind blows." Now Victoria makes her own candles, but she still imports over 20,000*l.* worth a year, notwithstanding the duty of 2*d.* per lb. Having seen the holes bored for the insertion of the blasting charge we will make our way to the upper level by means of the zigzag ladders, amongst the pump-rods and pipes, and then to the surface, and then visit the battery and furnaces. The battery or crushing-room contains a long row of stampers,—upright rods, with a heavy head at the lower end, work in a box, lifted alternately by means of cams on a revolving shaft. In the bottom of the boxes mercury is placed, stone is put in and crushed, the gold amalgamates with the quicksilver, and is retained there. A stream of water pours into the box, the only escape for it and for the crushed quartz being through two finely-perforated sheets of iron forming one side of the box. The sand with a certain amount of fine gold being washed through these fine gratings, runs down sloping tables, covered with copper plates rubbed with mercury, and at intervals six grooves or riffles run across the table, also filled with mercury. The sand is washed over the plates and

riffles, the fine gold adhering to the plates, or falling into the riffles of mercury, where it is retained. Sand is also washed over a second table, on which are spread blankets, and any gold having escaped the first table sinks into the texture of the flannels on passing over. These are carefully washed every three hours, and the sediment from them is saved for further treatment. After the sand passes over the second table it is again treated, and the pyrites extracted. The remainder is now called "tailings," and falls into a well, from whence it is pumped up to the roof of the building, run along a shoot some distance outside into a large tank, where the sand falls to the bottom, and further pyrites, or mud, is taken out. The water runs off into another long trough, where the fine mud settles; it then passes into the dam, to be again pumped up and used in the batteries. The pyrites are treated, and a good percentage of gold is extracted from them.

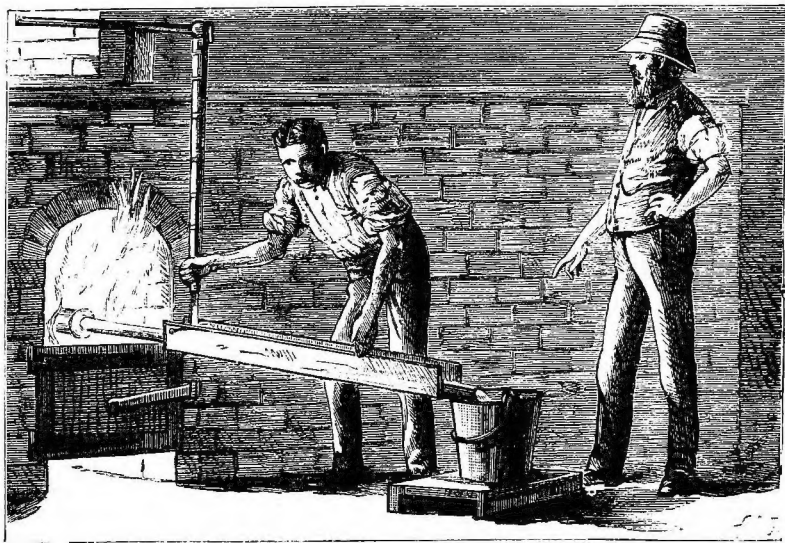
The next operation to see is that of "cleaning-up" and "retorting." Saturday is generally occupied in this work. The boxes are opened, taken to pieces, and cleaned out, each piece washed and scrubbed with a brush. The sediment from the washing and contents of the boxes (a sort of fine gravel) is carefully collected, and undergoes the operation of panning. It is placed, a shovelful at once, in a shallow tin pan. The pan is immersed in a tub of water, and rapidly twirled round and shaken, gravel and sand are washed out, leaving the amalgam at the bottom of the pan. The copper plates are scraped, and the mercury and amalgam are scooped out of the riffles. A flat brush is placed on the top of the bucket containing the scoopings, the bucket is tilted on one side, the mercury runs between the bristles into the tables again, leaving the amalgam at the bottom. The amalgam, which has the appearance of silver putty, is placed in the retort, the lid being secured with a clay joint. It is then pushed into the furnace, and a fire is lighted around it. The end of the retort is placed in a bucket of water. Water also runs down the tube the whole of the time, from a pipe fixed above. In about five hours all the mercury is distilled, falling into the bucket of water, leaving the gold behind. The retort is then drawn out, and the cover removed. It is then turned over on to a sheet of iron, when the cake of gold rolls out, red hot. After cooling a little it is wrapped in paper, and a cloth, and is taken to the manager, driven in a buggy by a director to the bank, where it is weighed and sold, often being too hot to

handle on its arrival there. The value is paid away in dividends a few days after.



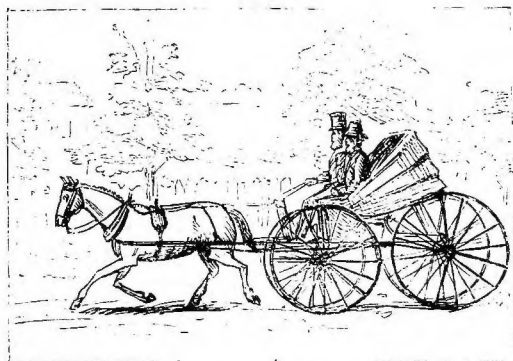
Turning Out the Gold Red-Hot

The sketches from which our engravings are executed were sent to us by the late Mr. John Ward, jun., formerly of the London



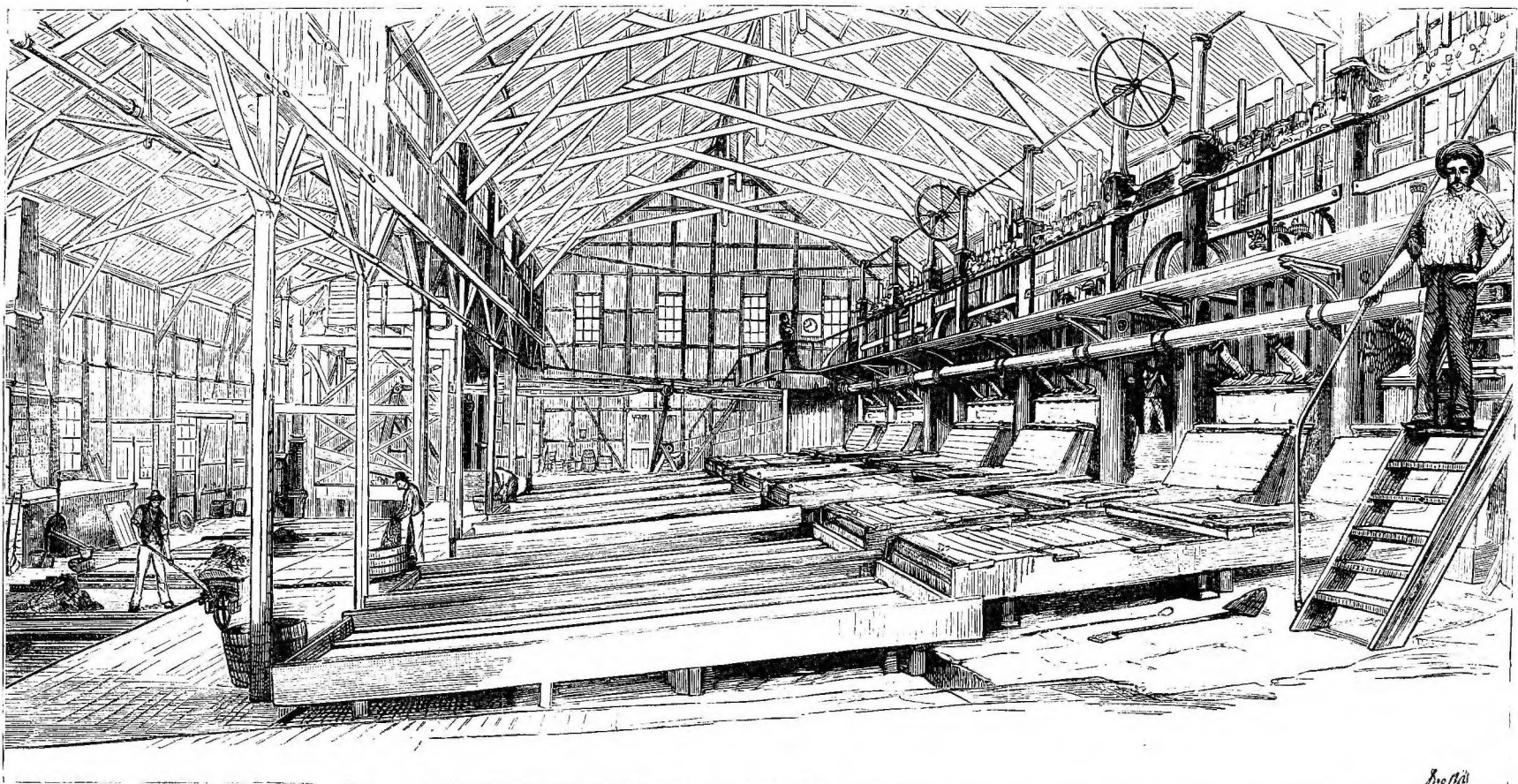
The Retort at Work

Coal Exchange, during his visit to Sandhurst, Victoria, for the benefit of his health. We may observe that we had previously



Taking the Gold to the Bank

published sketches of Mr. Ward's, depicting gold-mining scenes in Tasmania.



IN THE BATTERY